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Shell Nature Studies 17 MOTHS

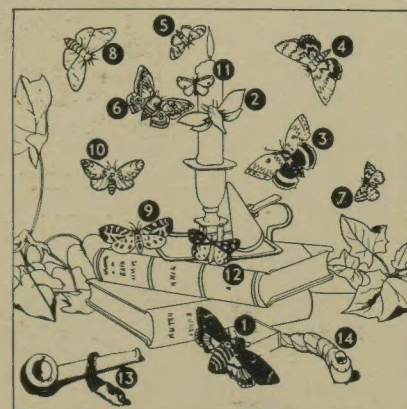
PAINTED BY TRISTRAM HILLIER



Among many strange and beautiful British moths none is stranger than the DEATH'S HEAD HAWK MOTH (1), which is rare and marked with a skull and enters hives to steal honey. The ELEPHANT HAWK (2), trim as a plane, you may see hovering in twilight over honeysuckle blossom. Another rare moth is the CLIFDEN NONPAREIL (3), found in Kent, where the larvae feed on aspen; it resembles the very common RED UNDERWING (4). Local, too, is the BLACK ARCHES (5), found in the New Forest.

The noble EMPEROR MOTH (6) is a moorland species. Two destructive kinds are the MAGPIE (7), which damages currant bushes, and the subtly marked GOAT MOTH (8), whose larvae bore in trees. Day-flying moths include the GARDEN TIGER (9). Larvae of the PUSS MOTH (10) feed on willow and poplar. Other pretty moths are the CINNABAR (11) and the CREAM SPOT TIGER (12), whose larvae eat chickweed.

The two larvae or caterpillars are those of the PUSS MOTH (13) and the DEATH'S HEAD HAWK MOTH (14).



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The Key to the Countryside

Shell's monthly "Nature Studies: Birds and Beasts", which gave so many people pleasure last year, is being published in book form by Phoenix House Limited at 7s. The Shell Guide to "Flowers of the Countryside" is still available at 6s. 6d. On sale at booksellers.

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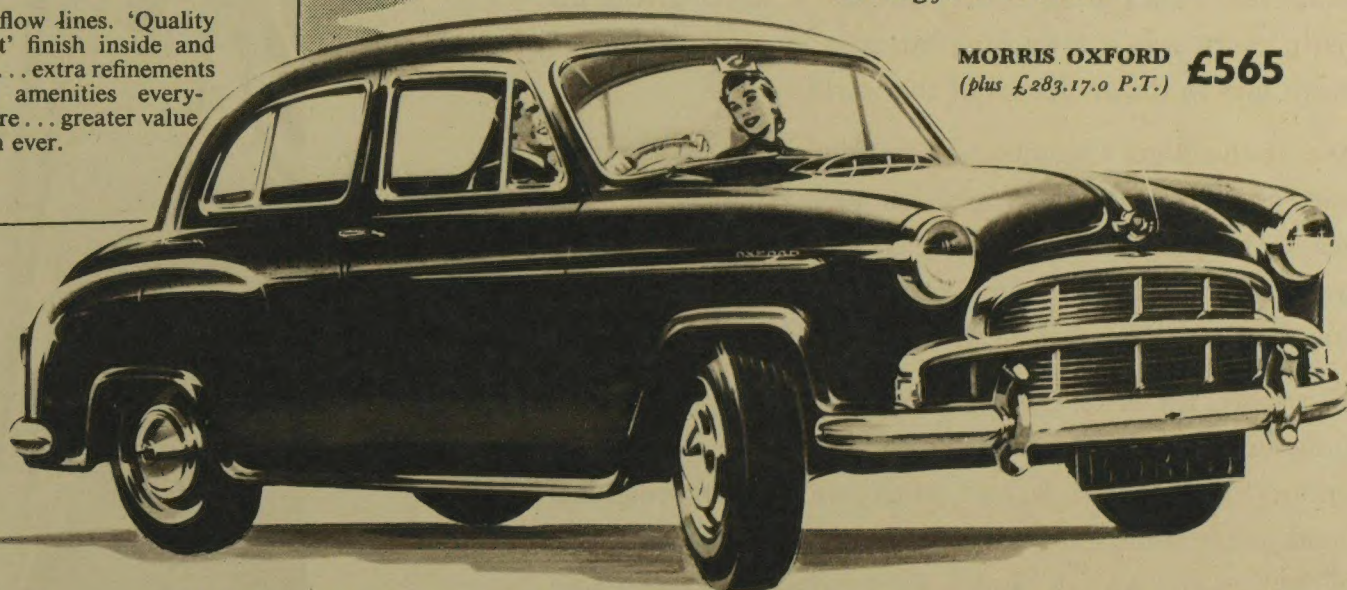
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C.238D.

A girl like Jean

JEAN PAGET, played by Virginia McKenna, is the star rôle in the Rank film 'A Town Like Alice'. Jean has courage. She has determination. She has faith in the future, which gives her the strength and will to battle on through the rotting humidity of a Malayan jungle controlled by Japanese at war.

'A Town Like Alice' is a fine example of what the world instinctively thinks of as 'being British'. Never giving in. It is in every way a rewarding business to show this magnificent film to the audiences of the world.

We of the Rank Organisation are always pleased to film stories of unwavering determination such as 'A Town Like Alice'. It could be said that we have an understanding, a sympathy which comes from experience. We were born in troubled times. We grew up in spite of difficulties.

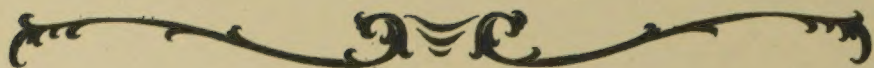
Currently, the Rank Organisation has started a £3½ million production programme of films to be made in the next twelve months. This is the largest programme of international cinema entertainment ever carried out at Pinewood — no less than 20 first feature films. Films which will again earn the Organisation over half its film revenue from overseas. Films which are truly British, both in character and creation, which will give employment to thousands, besides bringing in foreign currency to help in the constant struggle for a balance of payments.



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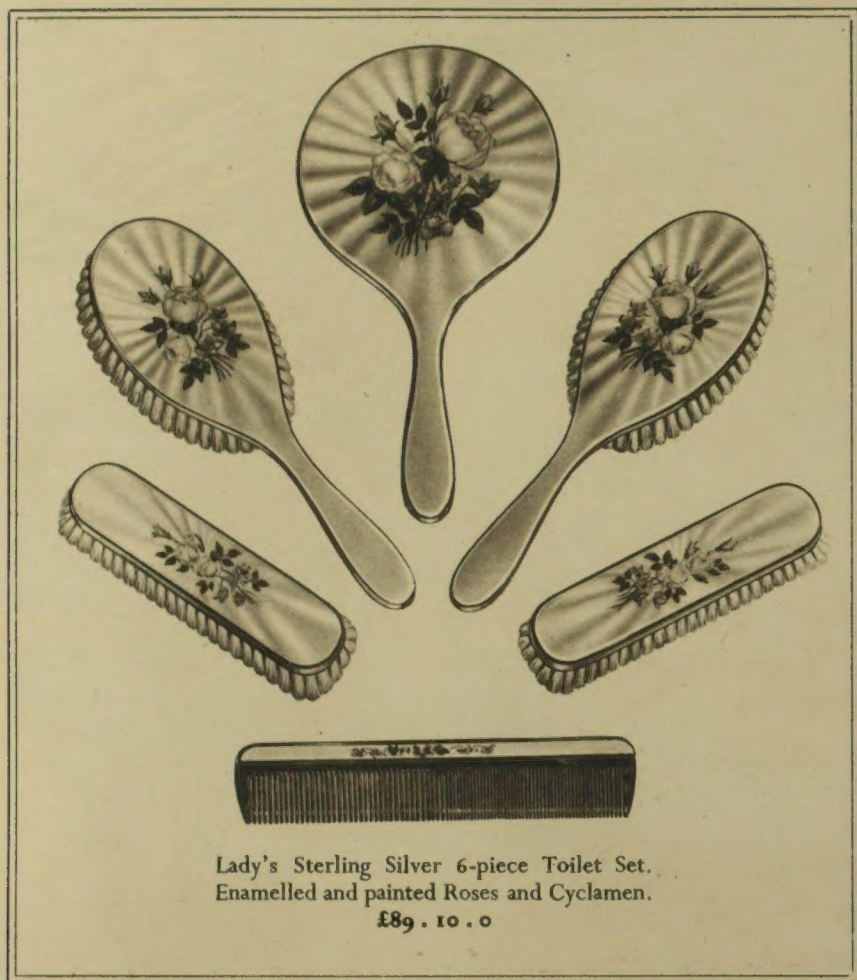


VIRGINIA MCKENNA IN A SCENE FROM "A TOWN LIKE ALICE"



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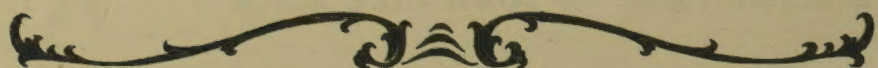
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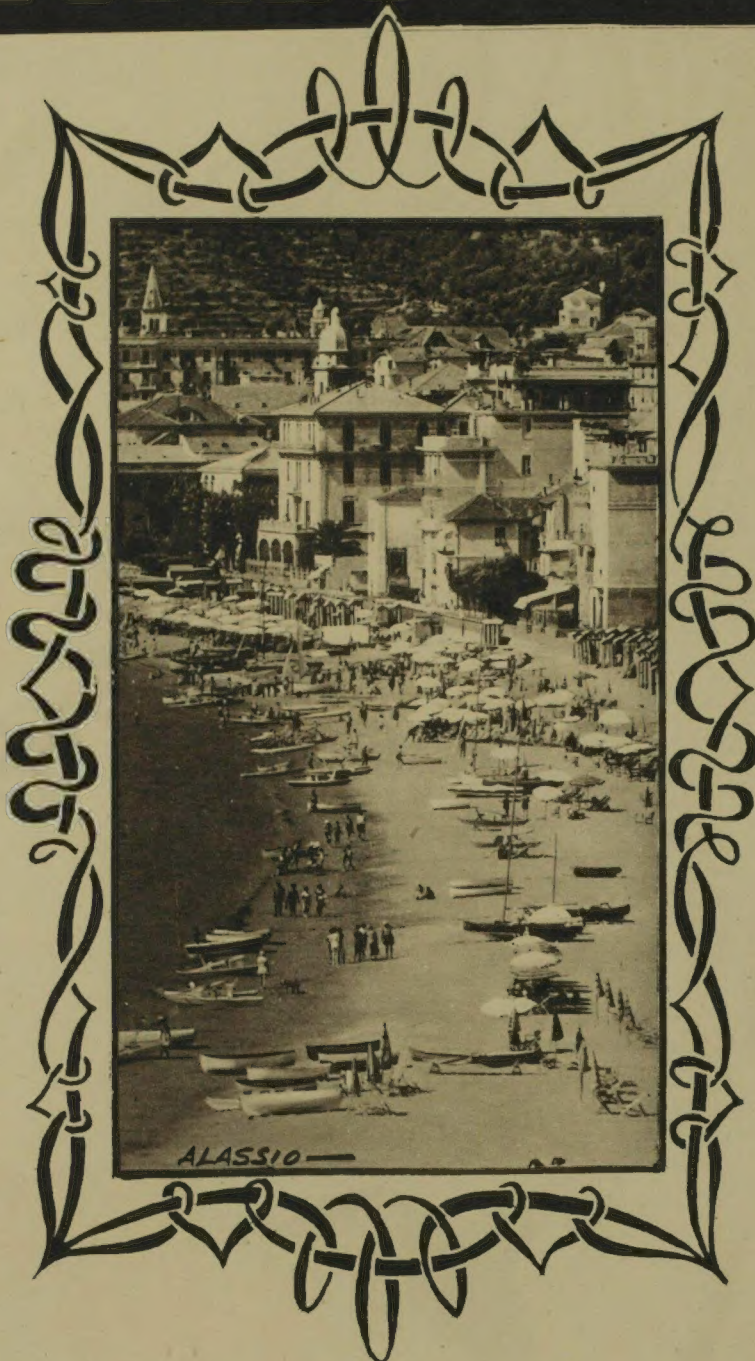
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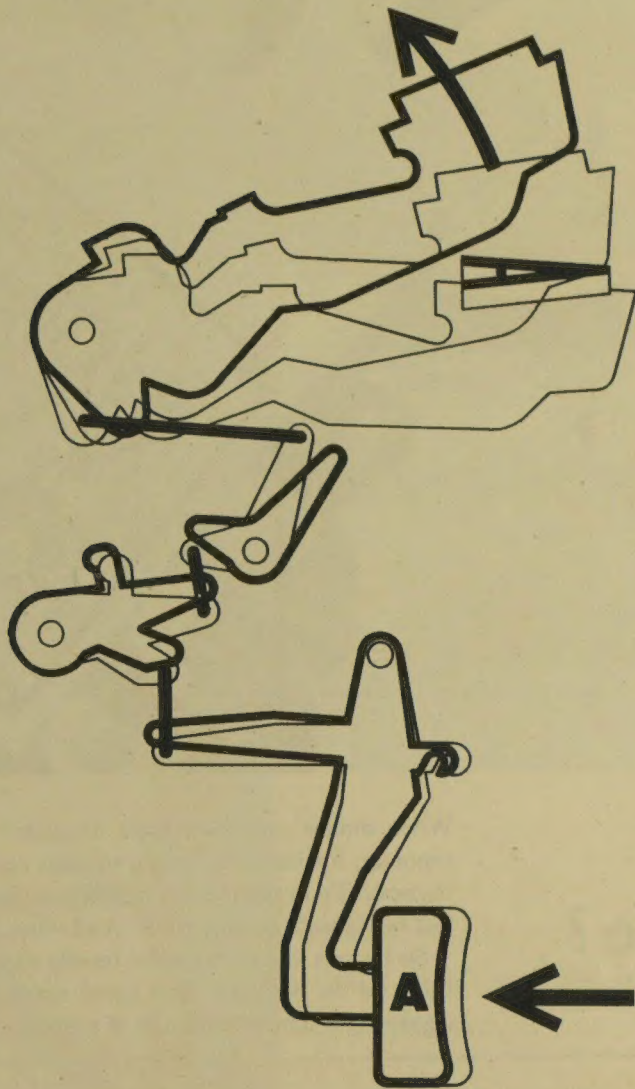
colour and blue sea.



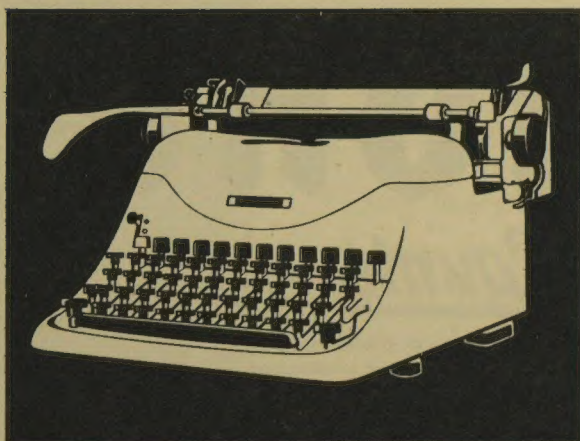
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olivetti



in the office
Lexikon



The office equipped with Olivetti Lexikon typewriters has many advantages. For sheer functional simplicity of design the Lexikon has been commended all over the world. In the range of its performance, in its ease of operation, and for the clarity of its work it has earned the highest praise of typists - and particularly of those who delight in being able to please the most exacting of critics.

Automatic margin stops - Key-trip device - Articulated bail-rod - Automatic tabulator - Accelerating typebar action - Carriage on ball bearings - Personal touch-tuning - British made.

To produce a portable typewriter which, except for its size and weight, lacks none of the up-to-date features of a standard-size machine is, in itself, something of an achievement. Add to that the Olivetti flair for simplicity of design and precision of robust engineering construction and you have the Lettera 22 - the portable typewriter that is completely at home anywhere.

43 keys - Personal touch-tuning - Key-set tabulator - 4 position line spacing - Standard size ribbon - Full-length platen - 2 colour ribbon - Stencil cutting device - Weight 8lbs. 2½ ozs. - British made.



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So he gets an interview he hardly expected. Could "Three Castles" have had something to do with it? Did those extra five pennies perhaps buy *more* than very good cigarettes? The confidence of a great man . . . success . . . who knows?

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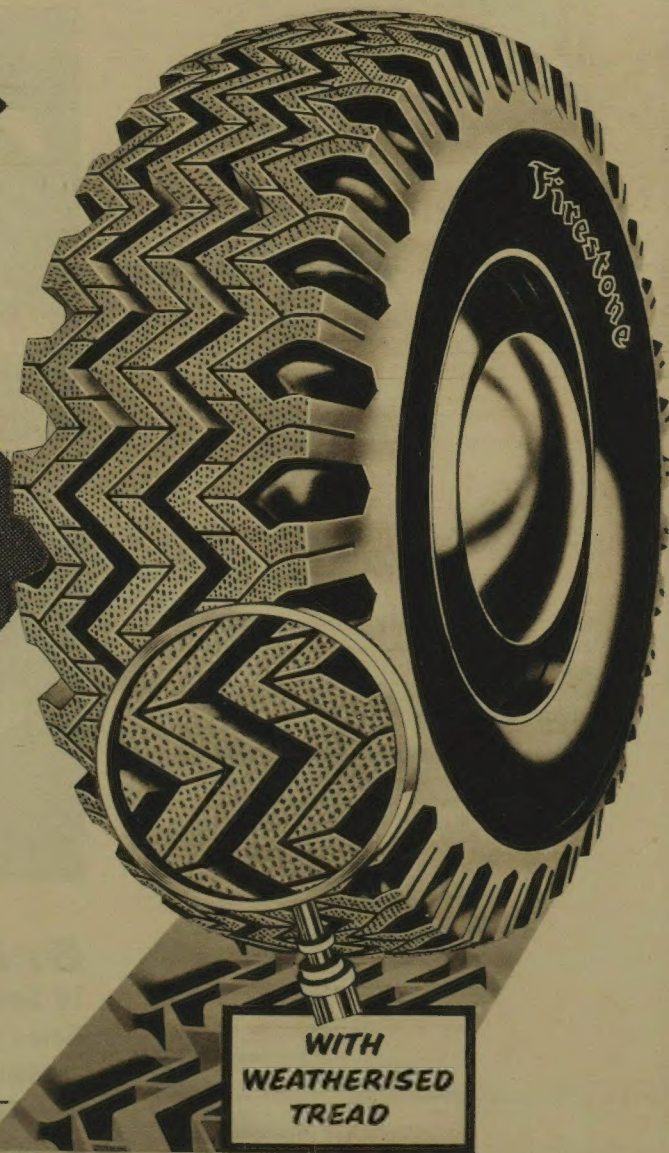
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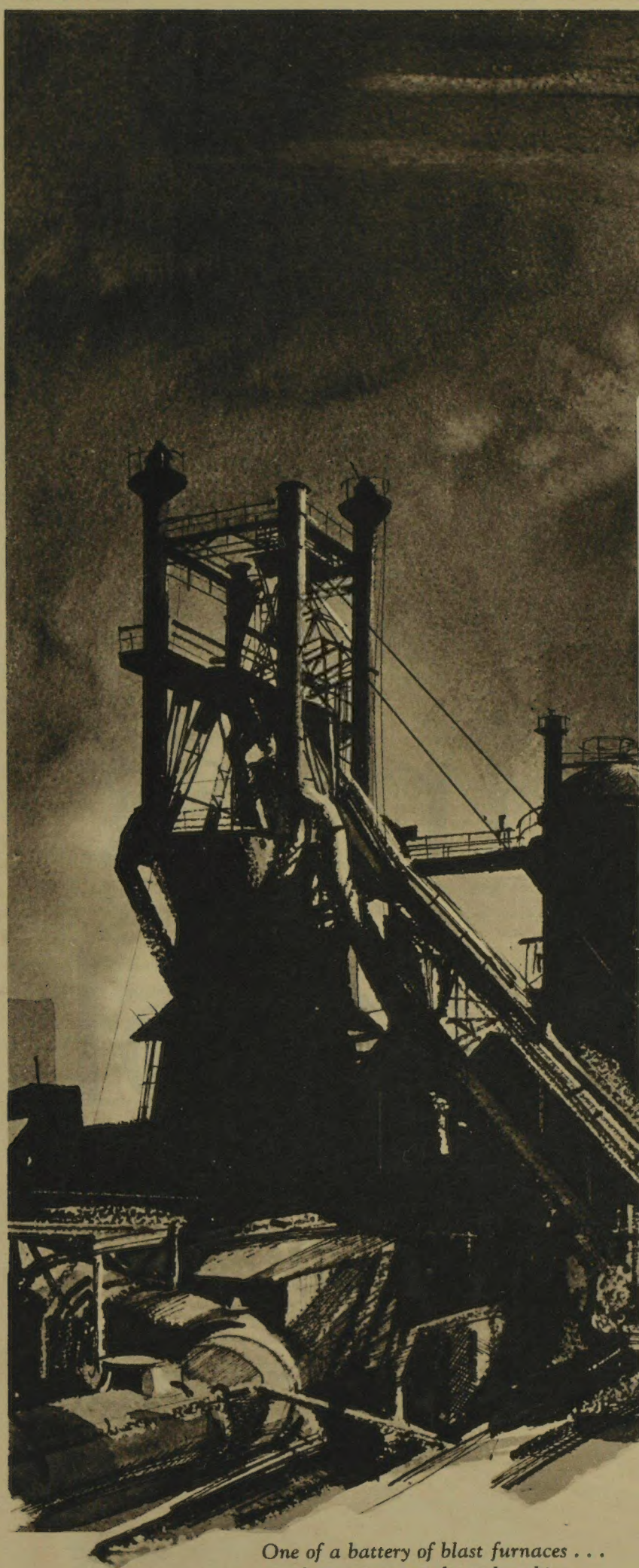
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A steel pathway to the moon and back

Our strip mill at Ebbw Vale, the first of its kind in Europe, has just rolled its ten-millionth ton of steel strip.

To visualize what this amount of steel sheet means, imagine a steel pathway 4 feet wide reaching to the moon and back, far thicker than the bodywork of your car, and of a quality that is unsurpassed.

Using the old-time methods, and the same number of men, it would have taken 200 years to roll ten million tons of steel sheets; with the strip mill it took only 17.

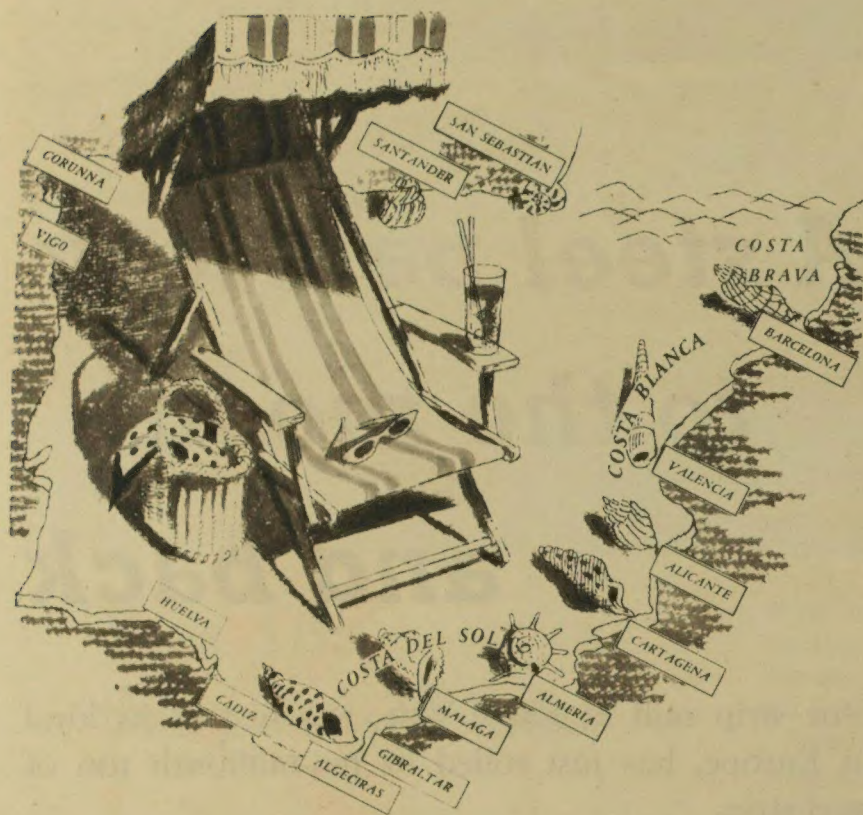
The foresight behind our adoption of the continuous strip process is reflected in all the other Richard Thomas and Baldwins activities—each constantly advanced by great development schemes to give still greater output and quality in steel sheets, in tinplate, spring steel, electrical laminations, in galvanizing. All of these serve you in one way or another every day of your life.

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Spain is for summer holidays *all through the year*! Bathing in warm sea . . . the clean white sand can be almost too hot for bare feet. The Costa Blanca, stretching north and south from Alicante, has 450 miles of gleaming beaches. The Costa del Sol is that strip of coast facing Africa, from Gibraltar to Malaga. Many people have discovered the glories of the famous Costa Brava and Majorca; but have you thought of those coasts further south? they offer you welcome and warmth in spring, summer, autumn and winter. South again, down towards the Equator itself, are the lotos islands of the Canaries, basking in near-tropical heat.

Spain is today a paradise for holidays — whether you travel by car, coach, or rail, whether you come by air or sea. A country where history is all around you. A friendly people. Good hotels. Magnificent meals eaten on shady terraces. And at midnight in Spain the evenings are still young.

Something magical seems to happen to your pounds, too, when they turn into pesetas.

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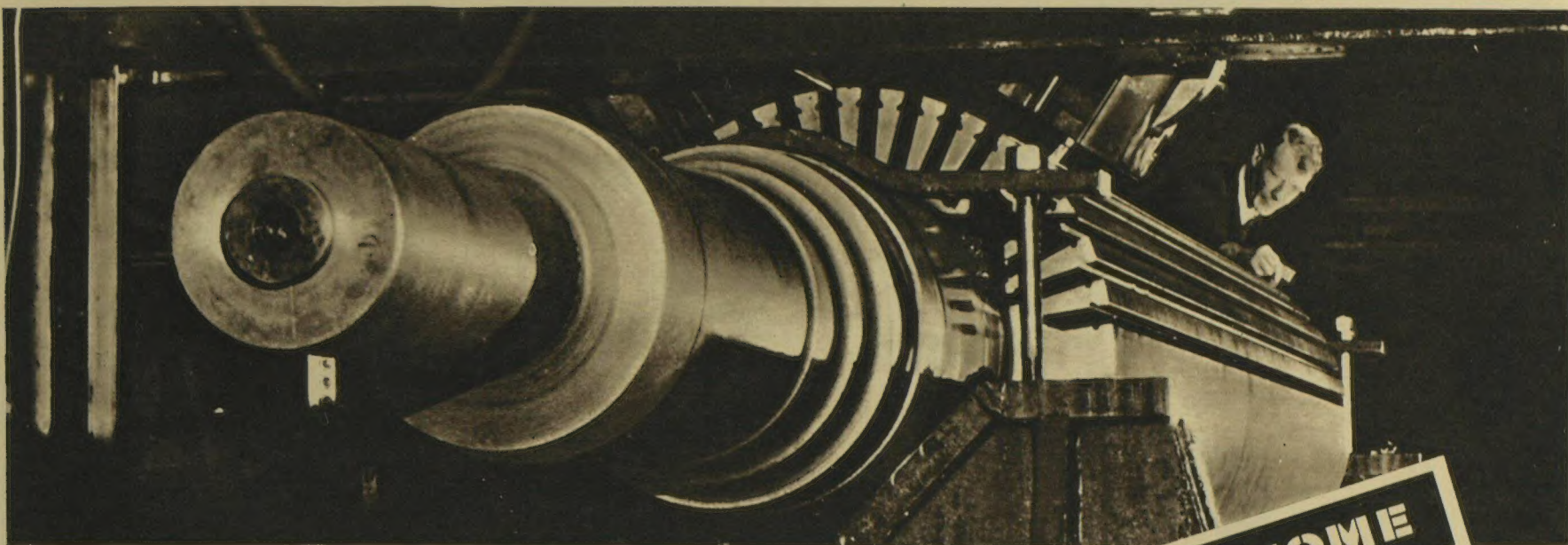
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A TWOFOLD JOB...

Power for production (below). Britain's industries need more and more power—and the need is being met by new power stations. Output of current is already 76% higher than in 1948; and today's generating capacity will be nearly doubled in the next ten years. ENGLISH ELECTRIC is playing its full part in this great development by supplying many of the turbines and generators, transformers and other electrical gear to Britain's power stations. The picture shows the winding slots being cut in the rotor of one of three 60,000-kW turbo-alternators for the Tilbury Power Station of the Central Electricity Authority.



How The English Electric Company is working for Britain at home and abroad

Britain is busy now, more prosperous than for decades past. Full employment, active industries, advances in science and technology, plenty of opportunities both for firms and for individuals... this is progress to be proud of. The challenge—the need—is to maintain it.

All depends on production—and exports.

From 1949 to 1955, our total industrial output rose by 27%, and the value of our vital exports by 58%. But still higher production, still more export activity, are needed to ensure *still better living for Britain*. In both these ways, ENGLISH ELECTRIC is playing its full part.

At home, this company helps to supply the generators and other plant needed for Britain's expanding power generation programme; it also makes the electrical equipment by which our industries use this energy for production—production not only for home demand but for developing export markets.

In addition it is itself a vigorous and successful exporter; *about half the Group's business is overseas*, earning foreign currency for Britain.

With the world-wide experience of its engineers and technicians, backed by great manufacturing resources and advanced research, ENGLISH ELECTRIC is hard at work, making an important *twofold* contribution to Britain's economic progress.

To Young Men and Their Parents

To any boy or young man considering a career in science or engineering, ENGLISH ELECTRIC offers almost unlimited opportunities—first-class training, and a choice of rewarding jobs at home or abroad. For details, please write to Mr. G. S. Bosworth, Central Personnel Department F.2.

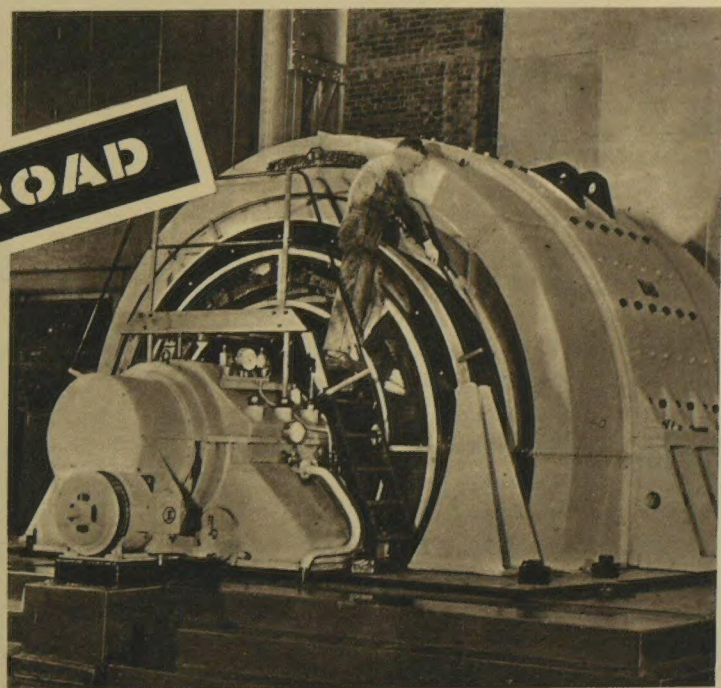
Power for industry down under (right). This 7,000-h.p. reversing motor (with maximum torque of 2,200,000 lbs. ft.) drives the rougher at a large Australian steel rolling mill for which ENGLISH ELECTRIC has supplied a number of other drives and motor generator units.



Power at work (above). ENGLISH ELECTRIC makes motors of many types to turn the wheels of modern industry—and some serve agriculture, too. The "Siloaid" silage cutter being used here incorporates an ENGLISH ELECTRIC fractional horse-power motor.



World-wide exports (above). The first of twenty-three 2,000-h.p. diesel-electric locomotives built by ENGLISH ELECTRIC for Rhodesia Railways is loaded at Liverpool docks; these are the most powerful of their type ever designed for a narrow-gauge railway. Rhodesia is one of 29 countries to which ENGLISH ELECTRIC has supplied locomotives and railway equipment: a significant part of this company's overseas business.



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SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1956.



ENTHRONED AS NINETY-SECOND ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, PRIMATE OF ENGLAND: DR. A. M. RAMSEY SEATED BEFORE THE HIGH ALTAR IN YORK MINSTER AFTER BEING INSTALLED BY THE DEAN, DR. E. MILNER-WHITE.

On April 25, St. Mark's Day, Dr. A. M. Ramsey was enthroned in York Minster as Archbishop of York. A congregation of over 3000 represented the clergy and laity of the fourteen dioceses of the Northern Province, and included hundreds of robed clergy and many bishops. When the congregation had assembled, the procession arrived at the great west doors, and Dr. Ramsey knocked with the butt of his pastoral staff. The doors opened and

the trumpets sounded a fanfare. Dr. Ramsey then petitioned the Dean, Dr. Eric Milner-White, 'to be "inducted, installed and enthroned." After he had sworn an oath on one of the treasures of the Minster, an Anglo-Saxon copy of the Gospels, Dr. Ramsey was led by the Dean to the chair before the High Altar, in which many Archbishops of York have been installed. Then he was led to his throne, and he preached his first sermon as Archbishop.



BY ARTHUR BRYANT.

THIS rich and ancient country of ours—rich in its inherited possessions which can, however, only be transmitted and guarded against decay by the industry and craftsmanship of the heirs of those who made them—is faced on every hand to-day by the growing problem of how to preserve that accumulated wealth. For political, and, therefore, economic, power resides to-day with those who, being not very well educated and growing up in the ugly, mushroom-growth surroundings of the industrial age, have little or no sense of historical and æsthetic values and are naturally much more concerned with transient pleasures and satisfactions than with laying up treasures for the future or preserving the treasure of the past. The spending and saving power of the educated few who are prepared to sacrifice their own spending-power to secure and preserve enduring ends is constantly being diminished by a taxation whose proceeds are devoted, with a prodigality which has seldom, if ever, been surpassed, to ends which are ephemeral and are unlikely to leave for posterity any legacy worth preserving. It is this, and our present æsthetic uncreativity, that renders the preservation of what remains of the extraordinary rich heritage of our national past so important. It has become a primary duty of every good man who loves his country to do what he can to save and preserve that heritage in the hope—and belief—that, by doing so, he will be helping to transmit to a more constructive, more husbandly and better educated generation the wherewithal to make England as great and rich in the future as she has been in the past.

Perhaps the richest of all England's historic treasures—and certainly those which can contribute most to the rebuilding of her future—are her ancient educational institutions. Of these one of the oldest is William of Wykeham's Winchester. Founded in the reign of Richard II—one, æsthetically, of the most creative epochs of our history—by a hard-headed and worldly ecclesiastical statesman, it was dedicated to the principle of educating and inspiring, in honour of St. Mary the Virgin, men who would devote their lives to the service of a Christian State: the recruitment, in his own favourite words, of a *militia ecclesiæ anglicanæ* as a bulwark of society. For five and a half centuries that has remained Winchester's tradition. Its ideal, through all the vicissitudes and temporary failures that mark the life of any human institution, has been that of the "fair meadow" in which Plato conceived the future and dedicated rulers of an ideal society should browse during the days of their youth. The aim of its teaching, above all of its corporate tradition, transmitted from one generation of masters and boys to another, has been, in the words of one of the greatest of its headmasters, "not to get on in the world, not to compete in separate rivalries for honour or riches, but to be the faithful soldiers and servants of God and of their Country . . . to be profitable members of the Church and Commonwealth." This ideal of the Republic—of a community of "good men," boys and adults alike, dedicated to the enduring service of society—has always lain at the root of Winchester's tradition; it was not by accident that in its early Catholic days it produced a succession of great churchmen and ecclesiastical statesmen, and that in its later ones it has produced, *par excelsis*, great Civil and public Servants, men like Sir Robert Morant—the chief architect of the Education Act of 1902 and the National Insurance Act of 1911—or Lord Wavell, the greatest public servant of the last decade. "Dedicated yet not unworldly," the College's latest historian has written, "austere yet not puritanical, modest yet not humble, they have sought the realities of service without its verbiage, and of power without its trappings." * The Treasury—that great anonymous priesthood of dedicated and highly trained servants of the Public—has usually been rich in Wykehamists; nor is it without significance that at the moment, the Labour Party, anxiously seeking unity, is led by one.

For, at the heart of the Winchester tradition has always lain the sense of unity—a unity to be achieved by self-abnegation and dedication to the brotherhood. It is monastic, and yet it is a monastery, not in the cloister, but in the world—a city without walls, an abbey whose buildings are the heart and mind. Only in the homely and time-mellowed stones of Winchester—of *domum* itself—has the enduring Republic a corporeal existence. And yet, those stones, and the teaching they incorporate, are the essential foundation, as William of Wykeham saw, of the whole. To any lover of the English past, let alone to any Wykehamist, there is something intensely moving about that corporeal home, whose preservation is so significant to the continuing life of our country: Outer Gate and the noble, austere Chamber Court, with its Hall and Conduit, the square Chapel tower, the Cloisters and the little, exquisite fifteenth-century Chantry—to-day the chapel of the younger boys and one of the most precious architectural treasures of England—Wren's School and the seventeenth-century College Sickhouse. And joined to them, in and around those original five dedicated acres, are the hallowed closes of the Hampshire countryside that have become part of Winchester

and its tradition—meadow and river and hill—bridged Logie, "the friendly little hurrying stream upon which the College originally depended for water"; the paradise of Meads, the old "children's airing ground," with its sward and trees and ancient buildings; Gunner's Hole—the bathing place of which a former headmaster, after its enlargement at his own expense, asked that "one should not smoke in it, for after all one had all the rest of Hampshire to smoke in"; and, without the city, Hills—the lovely, tree-crowned St. Catherine's hill with its view of the Cathedral and College, on which for so many generations the sons of Winchester took their daily recreation and liberty.

For many years I lived in a house which had been inhabited in the latter seventeenth century by a stalwart adherent of Winchester. Preserved among the Verney papers at Claydon House—that dear place—are two letters of his addressed to Winchester which I always recall with pleasure: the first to the headmaster referring to the scholastic backwardness of his son, and the other, written a year later, in September 1682, to the son himself. They read:

SIR,

I received your civil letter for which I return you my very hearty thanks, as also for your pains about my son and care of him. I did fully intend to send him back to you or Mr. Usher, which of you I know not. But hearing you gave a very ill character of him here before a great deal of company at table openly at London since he left Winchester, I did not think it decent in me to trouble so accomplished

a gentleman as you are nor your school with such a blockhead any more. For I know full well that *Ex quovis Ligno non fit Mercurius*, and am sorry that my son should be composed of such substance that nothing can shape him for a scholar. But it is his fault and none but his, and the worst will be his own at long run, for William of Wykeham's foundation is I believe the best nursery of learning for young children in the world.

CHILD,

I received yours and have sent you a new hat as you desired. It is a black French cordebac with a hat-band on it, which sort of hats are most proper for you in your present circumstances. I hope it fits you.

I hear you long for oysters which I did not know from you but from others. I would send you some with all my heart if I knew how to send them to you good. However I will endeavour it. But then you must have a care that you eat not too much at one time lest they do you harm.

Rest assured that there is no reasonable thing that I can help you to but that you shall have provided you do your best endeavour to please me, as you are bound to in duty. And one main way is for you to incline your heart and mind briskly unto your studies and to take delight in them.—And so God bless you and prosper you,

I am,

Your most affectionate father,
Edmund Verney.†

It takes all schools to make a nation, especially, one might remind believers in the totalitarian, a free nation. My own school had a different tradition to Winchester's, far more competitive, far more individual—

Fights for the fearless and goals for the eager,
Twenty and thirty and forty years on—

its shrine only a steep, windy, spire-crowned hill, its greatest and most characteristic son, that most unregenerate of individualists, Winston Churchill, who for a long time, as he proudly told us in his delightful account of his early life, had the curious distinction of being bottom of the school. Yet no one, whatever his particular partisanship, can do other than honour this great collegiate institution among the Hampshire water meadows, acknowledge its priceless service to State and Commonwealth, and wish that its future may be as long preserved and glorious as its past. At the head of the Roll of Honour of the Wykehamists who fell for freedom in the late war is a preface by Lords Wavell, Portal and Dowding—and who can measure the aggregate service of that trinity of Winchester's sons to Britain in her hour of need?—and a poem written by a Wykehamist poet, Frank Thompson, who gave his life serving the Liberation Movement in the Balkans and who wrote of himself and his doomed generation as

One who, gazing at a vista
Of beauty, sees the clouds close in,
And turns his back in sorrow, hearing
The thunderclouds begin.

It contains one verse that is the epitome of all that the schools of England, at their highest, have taught and which is their ultimate justification:

Write on the stone no words of sadness—
Only the gladness due,
That we, who asked the most of living,
Knew how to give it too.



"THE TIME-MELLOWED STONES OF WINCHESTER—OF *DUMOM* ITSELF": THE CHAPEL OF WINCHESTER COLLEGE, DATING FROM 1396, FROM A DRAWING BY BRYAN DE GRINEAU.

* J. D. E. Firth, "Winchester College," pp. 189-190. Winchester Publications Ltd.

† "Verney Memoirs" (1925 edition), p. 311. Longmans.

THE 1956 ROYAL ACADEMY SUPPLEMENT.

I—SOME STRIKING PORTRAITS
AT THE SUMMER EXHIBITION.



"MISS JANET SCOTT," BY NORMAN HEPPLER, A.R.A., WHO STUDIED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY SCHOOLS, AND WAS ELECTED A.R.A. IN 1954. HIS PORTRAITS ARE A REGULAR FEATURE OF THE ACADEMY.



"SIR EDWARD MAUFE, R.A.," BY THE LATE JOHN WHEATLEY, A.R.A. MR. WHEATLEY DIED AT THE END OF LAST YEAR.

THE 188th Royal Academy Summer Exhibition opens to the public to-day, May 5, at Burlington House, Piccadilly. This important exhibition, which has been shown in London annually, without any break, since 1769, shows works by most members of the Academy as well as by a large number of non-members. A selection of the 1416 works included in this year's exhibition are shown on this and the following five pages. A feature of this year's Academy is the diversity of the exhibits. This applies as much

(Continued opposite.)



"VICTOR WILLING," BY RODRIGO MOYNIHAN, R.A., WHO IS PROFESSOR OF PAINTING AT THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF ART.



"JANE," BY DAME LAURA KNIGHT, R.A., WHO FIRST EXHIBITED IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY IN 1903.



"CLAUD ELLIOTT, ESQ., O.B.E., PROVOST OF ETON," BY A. R. MIDDLETON TODD, R.A., WHOSE PORTRAIT OF THE BISHOP OF CHICHESTER IS SHOWN OVERLEAF.



"MRS. DAVID WILLS," BY JOHN R. MERTON. THE DETAILS OF THIS DELICATE PORTRAIT ARE PAINTED MOST EFFECTIVELY.



OUT, OUT, BRIEF CANDLE!
SIR LAURENCE OLIVIER in
MACBETH

"SIR LAURENCE OLIVIER IN THE 1955 PRODUCTION OF 'MACBETH' AT STRATFORD ON AVON," BY RUSKIN SPEAR, R.A.

(Continued.)

to the portraits as to the other works. It is especially interesting to be able to compare portraits of the same sitter in different mediums. Thus a bronze and an oil painting of Professor Thomas Bodkin are shown on the following page. Dame Margot Fonteyn has been portrayed in a superb painting by Pietro Annigoni (not illustrated) as well as in the striking sculpture by Maurice Lambert, R.A., which is to be seen overleaf. The Summer Exhibition will continue at Burlington House until August 19.

II—AT THE 1956 ROYAL ACADEMY: A SELECTION OF PORTRAITS.



"HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON, K.G.," BY PETER GREENHAM, A.R.A., WHO TEACHES AT THE BYAM SHAW SCHOOL OF ART.



"MARGOT FONTEYN," AN OUTSTANDING BRONZE STATUE OF THE GREAT DANCER BY MAURICE LAMBERT, R.A.



"HARRY HOLDER, ESQ., MASTER OF THE LEATHERSELLERS' COMPANY, 1953-54," BY SIR GERALD KELLY, P.P.R.A.



"HIS LATE MAJESTY KING GEORGE VI," BY WILLIAM McMILLAN, R.A., WHO SCULPTED THE LONDON STATUE OF GEORGE VI.



"MYSELF," A STRIKING SELF-PORTRAIT BY R. O. DUNLOP, R.A., WHO HAS SIX WORKS IN THE ACADEMY.



"PROFESSOR THOMAS BODKIN," A BRONZE BY CHARLES WHEELER, R.A., PRESIDENT OF THE SOCIETY OF PORTRAIT SCULPTORS.



"J. E. MARTINEAU, ESQ.," BY STANLEY SPENCER, R.A.



"PROFESSOR THOMAS BODKIN," BY B. FLEETWOOD-WALKER, R.A.

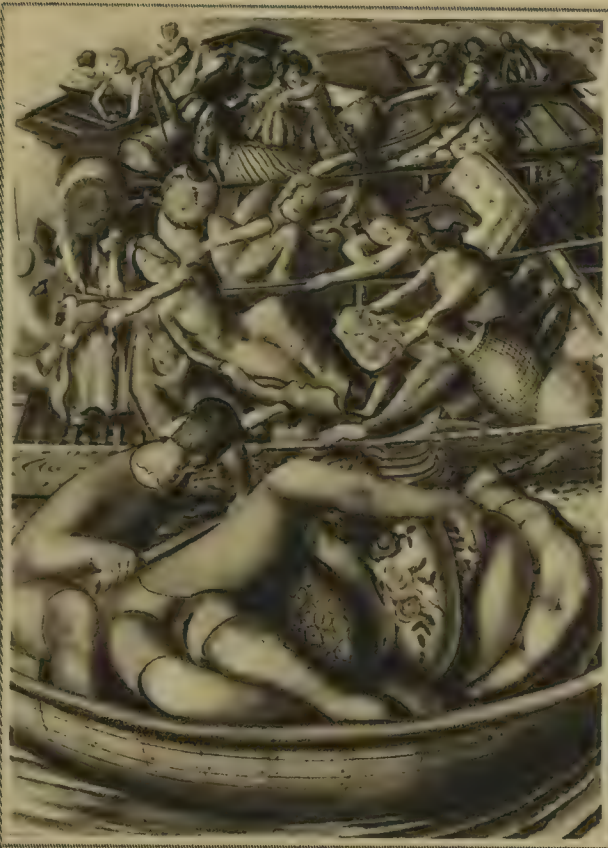


"THE RIGHT REV. G. K. A. BELL, D.D., BISHOP OF CHICHESTER," BY A. R. MIDDLETON TODD, R.A.

As is usual at the Royal Academy Summer Exhibition there are this year a large number of portraits, a small selection from which is reproduced on this page. Peter Greenham's imposing portrait of the Duke of Wellington renders with great success the intricate beauty of the Garter

Robes. Another interesting rendering of clothing is that of the great dancer's delicate costume in Maurice Lambert's statue of Dame Margot Fonteyn. This statue is entirely made of bronze, which has been specially treated to give the transparent and silky effect of the "net."

III—AT THE 1956 ROYAL ACADEMY: GENRE AND STILL-LIFE PICTURES IN VARIED STYLES.



(LEFT.) "CHRIST PREACHING AT COOKHAM REGATTA, IV: CONVERSATION BETWEEN PUNTS," BY STANLEY SPENCER, R.A., WHO HAS BEEN WORKING ON THIS SERIES FOR SOME YEARS.



(RIGHT.) "BEGINNING OF AN EVENT IN HISTORY: THE TOLPUDDLE MARTYRS," BY GILBERT SPENCER, A.R.A. STANLEY AND GILBERT SPENCER ARE BROTHERS, AND IT IS INTERESTING TO COMPARE THEIR WORK.



"COMEDY JUGGLERS," A WATER-COLOUR BY STEVEN SPURRIER, R.A. (FOR MANY YEARS A SPECIAL ARTIST OF "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS").



"STILL-LIFE," BY JOHANNES H. EVERSEN, A PAINTING WHICH IS REMINISCENT OF THE TRADITIONAL DUTCH STILL-LIFE.



"MELON AND DECANTER," BY EDWARD LE BAS, R.A., WHO HAS SEVERAL STILL-LIFE PAINTINGS IN THIS EXHIBITION.



"TUSCAN TERRACE," BY MARY FEDDEN. THIS PAINTING HANGS IN GALLERY VIII, WHERE SEVERAL YOUNGER ARTISTS ARE REPRESENTED.

Great variety and contrast are always a feature of the annual Royal Academy Exhibition. This is well illustrated by the two still-life paintings shown on this page. Johannes Eversen and Edward Le Bas have chosen very similar subjects, but they have tackled them in two entirely different styles. Despite the criticisms so often levelled at the Royal Academy Exhibitions they do cover a very wide field of contemporary art, and enable the visitor to compare many of the styles and methods being used at the time. Thus this year there

are included a number of works by artists such as John Bratby and Edward Middleditch, whose forceful paintings have caused a great deal of comment in recent years. They are among the artists representing this country at the Venice Biennale this year. A well-known contemporary artist is Stanley Spencer, whose very striking water-colour, "Joachim and the Shepherds," has been purchased by the President and Council of the Royal Academy under the terms of the Chantrey Bequest.

IV—AT THE 1956 R.A.: TWO CHURCHILL PAINTINGS; SOME FINE LANDSCAPES.



"MARRAKECH, 1950," BY SIR WINSTON S. CHURCHILL, HON. R.A. EXTRAORDINARY. (The two paintings on this page by Sir Winston S. Churchill, K.G., P.C., O.M., C.H., M.P., Hon. R.A. Extraordinary, are reproduced by his courteous permission.)



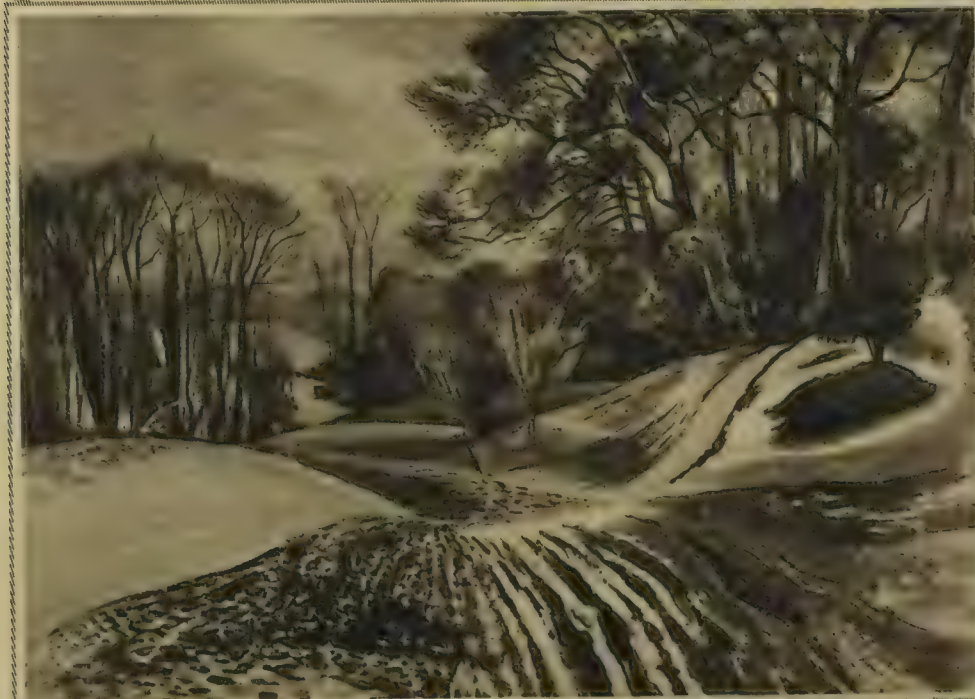
"SIR JOHN LAVERY'S STUDIO, 1920," IS THE SECOND PAINTING BY SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL IN THIS YEAR'S ACADEMY. SIR WINSTON HAS BEEN EXHIBITING AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY SINCE 1947.



"BLENHEIM PALACE," BY LORD METHUEN, A.R.A., WHO IS A MEMBER OF THE ROYAL FINE ART COMMISSION. HE WAS ELECTED TO THE R.A. IN 1951 AND HAS HELD SEVERAL EXHIBITIONS IN LONDON.



"MORNING IN PARIS," BY CHARLES CUNDALL, R.A. THIS ARTIST HAS TRAVELLED AND PAINTED WIDELY IN EUROPE. HE COMPLETED HIS STUDIES IN PARIS.



"WINTER EVENING, WORMINGFORD," A WATER-COLOUR BY JOHN NASH, R.A. DURING THE FIRST WAR HE WAS COMMISSIONED TO PAINT WAR PICTURES, AND DURING THE 1939-45 WAR HE WAS AN OFFICIAL WAR ARTIST TO THE ADMIRALTY.



"WELSH LANDSCAPE," BY RICHARD EURICH, R.A. THIS IS AMONG THE OUTSTANDING LANDSCAPE PAINTINGS IN THIS YEAR'S SUMMER EXHIBITION, WHICH OPENS TO THE PUBLIC TO-DAY, MAY 5.

Sir Winston Churchill's paintings have become a familiar sight at the Royal Academy Summer Exhibitions. This year Sir Winston shows only two works, one of which was painted over thirty years ago. His ancestral home, Blenheim Palace, is shown in its lovely surroundings in a picture by another

artist, Lord Methuen. John Nash's work is often based on the beauty of the English countryside. This year he also shows a number of water-colours of French landscapes. Charles Cundall's paintings of scenes in this country and abroad are often to be seen in London.

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V—AT THE 1956 ROYAL ACADEMY: PAINTINGS AND WATER-COLOURS BY LEADING MEMBERS.



(LEFT.) "MEDIÆVAL TWILIGHT," A CHARACTERISTIC WATER-COLOUR BY PROF. SIR ALBERT E. RICHARDSON, WHO HAS BEEN PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY SINCE 1954.



(RIGHT.) "THE SQUARE HOUSE, VAUGELAS," BY SIR W. RUSSELL FLINT, R.A., WHO HAS BEEN PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS SINCE 1936.



"INDUSTRIAL LANDSCAPE," BY L. S. LOWRY, WHO WAS ELECTED A.R.A. LAST YEAR. HE HAS VERY RECENTLY HAD AN EXHIBITION AT A LONDON GALLERY.



"ANGER," BY CAREL WEIGHT, A.R.A. THIS ARTIST WAS ALSO ELECTED IN 1955 AND HE FIRST EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY IN 1931. HE TEACHES PAINTING AT THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF ARTS.



"THE WHIP," BY SIR ALFRED J. MUNNINGS, P.P.R.A., A LARGE EXHIBITION OF WHOSE WORK IS TO BE SEEN IN THE DIPLOMA GALLERY.



"AN OLD BARN, ESSEX," BY FREDERICK W. ELWELL, R.A. - THIS SENIOR ACADEMICIAN HAS SIX WORKS IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

Each member of the Royal Academy is entitled to submit six works to the annual Summer Exhibition, while non-members are limited to three works. Every year something like 12,000 works are sent in, and it takes the Selection Committee a number of weeks to choose the 1400 or 1500 for which there is room in the galleries. Of this total the large majority are by non-members. The Royal Academy was founded at the end of 1768 and the first Summer

Exhibition was held in the following year. Since then the exhibition has been held without a break every year, and this year's is the 188th Exhibition. It is always interesting to see the work of recently elected Associate members. Among those elected last year Carel Weight and L. S. Lowry are both showing a number of characteristic paintings of urban subjects. The exhibition of the work of Sir Alfred Munnings, P.P.R.A., continues until June 30.

VI—AT THE 1956 R.A.: FORMAL OCCASIONS, CARICATURE AND FAMILY LIFE.



"THE ARCHITECT AND BUILDING COMMITTEE OF THE COUNCIL HOUSE, BRISTOL," BY NORMAN HEPPLÉ, A.R.A. THE NEW COUNCIL HOUSE WAS OPENED BY THE QUEEN ON APRIL 17.



"THE SELECTION COMMITTEE, 1955," BY A. R. THOMSON, R.A. THIS COMMITTEE SELECTS THE WORKS WHICH ARE TO BE HUNG IN THE SUMMER EXHIBITION. A. R. THOMSON HAS PAINTED SEVERAL MURALS.

IT is often the case at the Royal Academy Summer Exhibition that one or two particular works are received with more interest and comment than any others. Thus last year Pietro Annigoni's outstanding portrait of the Queen was one of the central features of the Academy. There is little doubt that this year Sir Alfred Munnings' amusing caricature (which is reproduced on this page) will be one of the most talked about works in the exhibition. The title of this painting includes the follow-

(Continued opposite.)

(RIGHT.) "DOES THE SUBJECT MATTER?" A CLEVER CARICATURE ON THE THEME OF "MODERN ART," BY SIR ALFRED J. MUNNINGS, P.P.R.A.



Continued.]

ing verse: "And why not purchased for the State? The State alas has come too late, Because the subject's so profound, It was sold for twenty thousand pound." Among those admiring the sculpture are shown some well-known figures in the English art world, while Sir Alfred's dog, *Toby*, seems more interested in the audience than in the works of art. A. R. Thomson's painting of the Presidential Visit to the Royal Academy is a reminder of the very successful exhibition of Portuguese Art which was shown there this winter. This Summer Exhibition, which is the 188th, remains on view until August 19.

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"HIS EXCELLENCY THE PRESIDENT OF PORTUGAL AND MADAME CRAVEIRO LOPES VISIT THE EXHIBITION OF PORTUGUESE ART, OCTOBER 26, 1955," BY A. R. THOMSON, R.A.



"FAMILY GROUP," BY JOHN S. WARD, IS A PAINTING WHICH CLEVERLY ACHIEVES THE UNTIDY ATMOSPHERE OF THE ROOM WITHOUT OVERWHELMING THE COMPOSITION. THE SUMMER EXHIBITION OPENS TO THE PUBLIC TO-DAY, MAY 5.

THE PEERAGE AND "ANOTHER PLACE."

"THE STORY OF THE PEERAGE," By L. G. PINE.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

"THE STORY OF THE PEERAGE" is a very large order. And, in trying to tell it, Mr. Pine has tried to carry out a very large order. He dedicates it to "Members of Rotary International," who seem to me to bear very little relation to our Historic Peerage, virtuous though their efforts at luncheon-oratory may be, and he does so because: "The origin of this book was an invitation from the Secretary of a newly-formed Rotary Club whose duty it was to find a speaker every fortnight to address the members. I had given a number of lectures on the Peerage and the House of Lords, and when this particular Secretary heard of my name in this connection he asked me to give a talk. I went, and thereafter at regular intervals I received invitations to speak on the same subject from something like sixty Clubs in the Rotary Movement. Necessarily I had to prepare notes for my speeches, and since it is not desirable to give the same talk sixty times, I not only varied the subject-matter, but made my talks topical. From this it was a very easy transition to the idea of writing a 'popular' book on the subject."

I don't quite see how a "popular" book, considering the legal complications, can be written on the subject, least of all by an Editor of "Burke's Peerage." The House of Lords, as we knew it for many centuries, and until quite recently, was one of the balances in our Constitution. King, Lords, Commons, they were all checks against each other; and the Constitution settled down into a workable instrument, allowing development and change, but able to impede changes when it wasn't certain that they were advisable, or that the country (by which must be meant the electorate, as at the time existing, which to-day means the largest and most ignorant that we have ever had) on second thoughts would desire them. The Upper House has often been accused of obstructing obvious improvements, especially humane improvements, in the law; the bishops usually being singled out for special vilification. But, with the electoral pendulum of the Lower House swinging violently now one way and now the other, one really should pause awhile before coming to a decision.

I can't help thinking that in former days we ran things better. The House of Lords was both a revising and a postponing Chamber. Its "Veto" was not absolute; the Government of the day, since the Civil War, always had up its sleeve the blackmailing threat of persuading the monarch to make a wholesale creation of peers in order to secure a majority. That was occasionally exercised or threatened. The last occasion was before the First World War when Asquith, faced with resistance by the Lords on several fronts, prepared an enormous list of proposed peers. He was under pressure from eighty Irish Nationalists, almost all Catholics and Agrarians and natural Conservatives, not caring whether the British Empire would fall or not, contributing to the Cause Willy Redmond and Tom Kettle, and looking towards the glorious dawn of an Ireland governed by a man with the ancient Irish name, not of O'Valera, or of Mac Valera, but of de Valera. There were two elections in 1910; on the English front Englishmen won, and pronounced in favour of the English front. Asquith drew up his list of swamping peers. The list has since been found. He, or his advisers, began by selecting eldest sons of Liberal Peers who, in course of time, would have been Liberal Peers themselves; he next went to younger sons of Liberal Peers; he then proceeded to eminent Liberals who would adorn the House of Lords, and then to eminent childless Liberals who would not, necessarily, adorn the House of Lords, but would certainly not degrade it, or infect it for long. A similar tendency, even in an emergency, not to make a complete break with the past, was shown when Cromwell, having got an Act passed which proclaimed that "the Commons of England assembled in Parliament, finding by too long experience, that the House of Lords is, useless and dangerous to the People of

England to be continued, have thought fit to Ordain and Enact, and be it Ordained and Enacted by this present Parliament, and by the authority of the same, That from henceforth the House of Lords in Parliament, shall be and is hereby wholly abolished and taken away; and that the Lords shall not from henceforth meet or sit in the said House called The Lords' House, or in any other House or Place whatsoever, as a House of Lords . . ." proceeded to invent a substitute. That preamble sounds like an insistence on a Single Chamber Government—the phrase "King versus Parliament," since the King had two-thirds of one Chamber on his side and one-third of the other, is a complete misnomer—but even Cromwell, who ultimately kicked the remainder of the Commons out of their own House, could not contemplate a legislature with no sort of Upper House. His invention was called "the Other House," instead of the House of Lords. But every member of it was given the title of "Lord," a third of them were genuine noblemen or baronets who had sided with that majority in the House of Commons which had arrogated the name of Parliament, and most of the others were landed gentry.

So far from being abolished, the Lords, after the Restoration, steadily gained in power, and throughout

the House of Commons could count itself lucky if it produced more than one or two members of the Administration, in addition to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Even after the Reform Bill, and the abolition of the Pocket Boroughs, the Lords retained their place in the Constitution, and their influence in the constituencies: the electors, especially in a rural constituency, had, as likely as not, to make their choice between the heir of a Whig peer and the heir of a Tory peer. The

THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK WHICH IS REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: MR. L. G. PINE.

Mr. Leslie Gilbert Pine, the editor of Burke's Peerage and Landed Gentry, and other reference books, was born in 1907. He served with the R.A.F. during World War II. His publications include "The Story of Heraldry," "Trace Your Ancestors," "The Golden Book of the Coronation," and "They Came With the Conqueror."

watershed came with Gladstone's Home Rule Bills. The flower of the Whig aristocracy, the Devonshires and Lansdownes, crossed the floor conscientiously and became Liberal-Unionists, ultimately merging into the Tory Party. The House then became "the enemy," first of the Radicals and, later, of the Socialists. Its powers had to be reduced.

Reduced they were, first by Mr. Asquith, in the grip of the Irish, and next by Mr. Attlee, flushed by triumph (or pushed from behind) after a victory at the polls, achieved because "the boys" wanted to "come 'ome" and their mothers wanted them to "come 'ome," neither lot knowing Bucharest from Budapest. The Lords, in recent years, have turned down a Bill for abolishing Capital Punishment, bearing in mind the sadistic or greedy monsters Heath, Haigh and Christie. As I write, another Bill on this subject is progressing through the Lower House. I notice that a friend of more than fifty years is voting against his Labour companions, and that a more recent, and dear and gallant, friend on the Tory benches is voting with the abolitionists.

The House of Lords will settle it. They are "Elder Statesmen," and even those who, when young, were violent Revolutionaries, become mellow when they reach that consoling Chamber of red and gold. In my own lifetime two Peers have been Prime Ministers; a third might have become one (I mean George Curzon) had he not had to have an iron strap to his back that made him look stiff. He was certainly one of the most eloquent orators to whom I have ever listened.

What is the future of the House of Lords? Mr. Pine perceives that the Labour Party wants Single-Chamber Government. The Lords' veto is to be abolished. A Labour Government is to come in and Nationalize Cement and Sugar; a Tory Government is to come in and is told that anything it does will be undone; and then Universal Nationalization will be achieved, with hardly anybody wanting it.

One good thing in this book is Mr. Pine's contradiction of Horace Round's statement that after the Battle of Tewkesbury "a Norman baron was as rare as a wolf." Men died at Tewkesbury, but their sons survived; and we still have with us the Nevilles, the Talbots, the Howards and the Stanleys, who have served their country, and died for it, through many troublesome times.

As for the House of Lords to-day, Mr. Pine thinks, with me, that it will die a prolonged death. Both parties talk about a reform of the House of Lords. But the "Single-Chamber" men want a House of Lords without power, and the others want one with power. Where do we go from here?

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 474 of this issue.



THE HOUSE OF LORDS, SHOWING THE CHAIRS OF STATE AS PLACED FOR KING GEORGE VI AND QUEEN ELIZABETH, NOW THE QUEEN MOTHER. IN THE BORDER ARE PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE CORONETS OF PEERS OF THE REALM AND PRINCES AND PRINCESSES OF THE BLOOD ROYAL.

Photograph of the House of Lords reproduced from the book, "The Story of the Peerage," by courtesy of the Publishers, Wm. Blackwood and Sons Ltd. The photographs of the coronets in the border are reproduced from the Coronation Number of "The Illustrated London News," 1953, in which they appeared by courtesy of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Co. Ltd.

most of the eighteenth century the rich peers (whom Disraeli called "the Venetian oligarchy") dominated the political scene. They may be said to have done so until the Reform Bill of 1832. W. S. Gilbert wrote:

When Wellington beat Bonaparte
As every child can tell,
The House of Lords throughout the war
Did nothing in particular
And did it very well.

But he was very wide of the mark. Not only was the Prime Minister in the Lords for most of the period in question, but any modern reader who examines the lists of Cabinet Ministers will be surprised to find that

* "The Story of the Peerage," by L. G. Pine, B.A., F.S.A. Illustrated. (Blackwood; 25s.)

THE END OF THE RUSSIAN VISIT: EVENTS IN ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.



ON APRIL 23, AT THE R.A.F. STATION, MARHAM: A CLOSELY-PACKED FORMATION OF CANBERRA BOMBERS FLYING PAST DURING THE VISIT OF THE RUSSIAN LEADERS.



WATCHING THE BRILLIANT AEROBATIC DISPLAY AT MARHAM: MR. KHRUSHCHEV AND MARSHAL BULGANIN.



ON THE ESPLANADE OF EDINBURGH CASTLE: MARSHAL BULGANIN AND MR. KHRUSHCHEV (ON DAIS) WATCHING THE BEATING OF THE RETREAT.



SIGNING THE JOINT COMMUNIQUÉ ON APRIL 26: (L. TO R.) SIR ANTHONY EDEN, MARSHAL BULGANIN, WITH (RIGHT) MR. KHRUSHCHEV.



THE END OF THE VISIT: THE RUSSIAN CRUISER, *ORDZHONIKIDZE*, BEARING THE RUSSIAN LEADERS BACK TO RUSSIA, LEAVES PORTSMOUTH ON APRIL 27.

WAVING FAREWELL FROM *ORDZHONIKIDZE*: (L. TO R.) MR. KHRUSHCHEV, MR. KURCHATOV, MARSHAL BULGANIN AND MR. TUPOLEV.

After a brief visit to Birmingham on April 23, the Russian leaders flew in the afternoon to the R.A.F. Station, Marham, Norfolk, where they saw a remarkable display of aerobatics staged in some of this country's newest aircraft. The dinner given to them by the Labour Party on the same evening was marred by some misunderstanding. On April 24 the principal events were a visit to the Commons; and the crowded reception which Marshal Bulganin and Mr. Khrushchev gave at Claridge's Hotel in the evening.

On April 25 the official talks came to an end; and in the evening the Russian leaders attended a ballet performance at Covent Garden. The engagements for April 26 had been simplified, owing to the strain the visit was causing to the Russians and the trip to the Calder Hall Atomic Station was cancelled. A flying trip to Edinburgh was made and in five and a half hours Marshal Bulganin and Mr. Khrushchev had a crowded programme, ending with dinner in the banquet hall of Edinburgh Castle.



ON THE LAST MORNING OF THEIR VISIT: THE SOVIET LEADERS' PRESS CONFERENCE IN CENTRAL HALL. MARSHAL BULGANIN IS READING FROM A SCRIPT.



STANDING FOR THE NATIONAL ANTHEMS OF GREAT BRITAIN AND RUSSIA AT COVENT GARDEN: (L. TO R., FRONT) MARSHAL BULGANIN, SIR ANTHONY EDEN, MR. SELWYN LLOYD AND MR. KHRUSHCHEV, IN THE ROYAL BOX.



BACK-STAGE AT COVENT GARDEN: MR. KHRUSHCHEV CONGRATULATES DAME MARGOT FONTEYN, AS DOES MARSHAL BULGANIN (CENTRE). ALSO SEEN ARE DAME NINETTE DE VALOIS, MR. FREDERICK ASHTON AND MR. SOAMES.

HIGHLIGHTS OF THE RUSSIAN LEADERS' VISIT: THE PRESS CONFERENCE; AND AT THE BALLET AT COVENT GARDEN.

Among the highlights of the London events during the visit of Marshal Bulganin and Mr. Khrushchev was the ballet performance at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, which they attended on April 25. They and Sir Anthony Eden and Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, all in lounge suits, occupied the Royal box and were accompanied by interpreters. The programme consisted of "Les Patineurs," the Second Act of "Swan Lake," in which Dame Margot Fonteyn was starred, and "The Lady and the Fool," starring

Miss Beryl Grey. Later they went on the stage and congratulated the company, telling Dame Ninette de Valois, that "It has been an absolutely splendid performance." Before leaving London on the morning of April 27, the Russians held a Press Conference in Central Hall, Westminster. This was mainly devoted to a long speech by Marshal Bulganin of comment on their visit, with a summary of the official communiqué, but the last twenty-five minutes were devoted to answering questions put by the journalists.

LAND armies stand at an interesting stage of development. At a time when many observers have decided that their day is done, strenuous efforts are being made to adapt their tactics, equipment, and in one important instance at least their weapons, to the conditions of the present and the likely future. The Armies of the United States and the United Kingdom are being reorganised.

In Western Germany a new Army is being created, starting with a blank sheet on which anything may be inscribed. In Germany all three are in contact. To a great extent Germany is the laboratory of ideas and experiments. This is a large subject and I can contribute only some general comments on it to-day. I shall, where I can achieve any detail, leave out the American Army and confine myself to the British and the infant Western German Armies. One of these is adapting itself, the other building anew, and they are proceeding on rather different lines.

It so chanced that the British Commander-in-Chief in Germany, General Sir Richard Gale, has of late been given unusual opportunities to express his views on modern land warfare. It is also the case that he has remarkable powers of self-expression. Some think that he has been allowed to say too much. Most professional students will, in my view, agree that he has been properly circumspect and has given away nothing that has not already appeared in official announcements or in articles with official sanction. What he has done is to simplify problems and co-ordinate items of information, which is not dangerous, since any intelligence staff can do it. At the same time Western Germany, having from the military point of view "come over all parliamentary and democratic," has been discussing its military organisation and tactical theories even more frankly, in part because the Minister of Defence has to face a highly critical Opposition and allies who insist on what they consider to be democratic safeguards.

General Gale's theories are largely conditioned by the growth of the relatively new tactical atomic weapons, which are at the disposal of the field commander, whereas the major thermo-nuclear weapon, the hydrogen-bomb, is not. To simplify to the extreme, the rôle of the armoured division is to exploit the effects of the tactical atomic weapon, whereas that of the infantry division is to occupy and hold ground. The new armoured division lives up to its conception to a greater extent than its predecessor. It includes little in the way of infantry, though extra infantry can be attached to it. In a sense it has reverted to its earlier form and perhaps to the conception of Major-General Sir Percy Hobart. General Gale considers that both types of division can operate on very wide fronts, wider than those of World War II, which were much wider than those of World War I. Goodness knows, ours would have to in another war, so let us hope they can.

One great service done by General Gale is that of making clear the distinction between the tactical atomic weapon and the great bomb. The former may be regarded as a new type of high explosive. It is, of course, much more powerful than any high-explosive weapon, but there is reason to suppose that it would not prove such a killer as the combination of machine-gun and barbed wire in World War I—the 8th Seaforth Highlanders suffered 719 casualties at Loos in 1915. Its effects can be controlled with regard to radius. When burst in the air its radioactivity is almost negligible, to the extent that troops could pass across the area devastated by it in almost complete safety two or three minutes later. Burst on the ground, it does create far more radio-activity, but this would not be the method employed, normally at all events. Men in deep slit trenches would enjoy protection from the effects to within a short distance from the explosion.

Digging-in is a simpler problem now than when the Seaforths were cut to pieces at Loos. The entrenching tool was inadequate except in very easy soil and the troops were crippled by having to carry picks and shovels in addition to heavy loads of ammunition, grenades, sandbags, rations, and the like. On the thin fronts of to-day light vehicles with a performance undreamt of in 1915 can carry the smaller quantities of tools required close to any point at which they are to be used. Even before the tactical atomic weapon came on the scene our infantry and other arms learnt

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. THE RÔLE OF WESTERN ARMIES.

BY CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

both the necessity and the actual business of digging-in at high speed. Exercises have given them confidence in the practice as a means of protection against the new weapon, just as against conventional artillery and mortar fire.

So we are aiming at a combination of elasticity and protection. Infantry is to be taught to move rapidly and widely dispersed—probably to move at need more rapidly than armour because it is more rapidly supplied and needs less oil—but also to hold fast. Air supply, especially by helicopters, is to be developed. Supply depots are to be radically reduced in size but increased in number. This system cannot be applied except in countries where there is a network of secondary roads of at least fair quality, but Germany comes into this category. The standard of training, pretty high already, will have to be improved because the manoeuvre of quick, last-moment, concentration, followed by quick

weapon in attack, and something not far short of that in defence, it is also valuable in countering the one and smashing the other. We cannot look forward to any marked superiority in this weapon in the long run and might find it the other way about.

From what we have heard about German tactical doctrine, it would seem that the founders of the new land forces of the Federal Republic are even more

deeply wedded to elasticity than ourselves. German military opinion has been strongly impressed by the need for elastic defence against superior strength. The main accusation launched against Hitler as war leader, in particular as regards the Eastern fronts, is that he never understood this doctrine and again and again refused to allow it to be put into practice. If I have rightly interpreted the signs, then the German problem is still more difficult than ours. The projected twelve divisions will in the main be made up of men undergoing eighteen months' service. The German answer to the criticism that this is too short a period for the tactics projected is that all the skilled men will be professionals. I am not sure that this is an adequate answer. A large degree of skill is required for many tasks which may well be beyond the resources of the technicians available. Driving a tank at night is only one.

I do not suppose, however, that the German doctrine is as yet hard and fast. It has still time to develop because only the first stage of creating the instrument has been reached. We may take it for granted that as the theory of tactics emerges it will not be found to be unrealistic; that has not been a German fault in the past, and the ability behind the new land forces is probably as high as at any time. An army starting with a clean sheet has a great deal of work ahead of it, but it escapes the handicap of established armies, that of having to retain, for financial reasons, certain items of equipment which it would be glad to replace. The dangers threatening the new German Army seem to me more likely to be political than tactical. If Generals Heusinger and Hans Speidel are listened to I have no doubt that they will create an efficient army. They will also take care that well-educated subordinates—and successors to themselves—are available.

I cannot help feeling that there is undue optimism about. A lot of it seems to be based on the assumption that the West holds a position of superiority in tactical atomic weapons. For some years we were able to say the same about big bombs, but now we know that either side is strong enough in them to destroy the other. I understand that to catch up in the smaller weapons—granted that the Russians need to do so—is easier. Equality alone would make anything more than a temporary defence in Germany as much out of the question as it was before the new weapons came into production because each side would cancel the other's use of them and the decision would be tossed to conventional forces—and to the big battalions. For reasons which I have given on many occasions I am sure we need the strongest possible land forces in Germany and that their equipment, weapons, and tactics should be raised to the highest possible level. But I do not think any such improvements will work a miracle.

It is perhaps natural for soldiers to say: "The hydrogen-bomb is not my business; tactical atomic weapons are, like tactics themselves and the organisation required for them; therefore I give my mind wholly to the latter." Yet one must consider also what would be the effect of the former on one's own field of war. Could British forces in Germany long maintain the battle if the British base were put out of action? My conclusion is that the new tactical weapon, coupled with the reorganisation of the land forces, improves the prospects of defence, but in all probability only temporarily. I am also of opinion, however, that the likelihood of removing the threat to humanity of the hydrogen-bomb by these means is small.

I feel that it is the equilibrium of destructive power that has reduced the danger of a major war and that this factor must remain for the present the best hope of preventing one. Meanwhile, every other feasible measure, political and military, should be exploited. Yet, so far as my knowledge goes, it would be self-deception to suppose that the reforms and reorganisation here sketched could replace the policy on which we have been depending.



ON ST. GEORGE'S DAY: H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, CAPTAIN-GENERAL OF THE ROYAL MARINES, PRESENTING NEW COLOURS TO THE CORPS AT EASTNEY BARRACKS, PORTSMOUTH.

Before leaving by air for his tour of Ulster on April 23, St. George's Day, the Duke of Edinburgh travelled by helicopter to Eastney Barracks to present new Colours to the Royal Marines, of whom he is Captain-General. The presentation took place on the barrack square, and among those present were Lord Cilcennin, First Lord of the Admiralty; the Duke of Wellington; Admiral of the Fleet Sir George Creasy, C.-in-C., Portsmouth; Lieut.-General C. R. Hardy, Commandant-General, Royal Marines; Rear-Admiral B. F. Kotov, and staff officers from the Russian warships then at Portsmouth; representatives of the U.S. Marines; and Mr. G. A. Day, Lord Mayor of Portsmouth.

dispersal, possibly at night, is very difficult. As I have often argued, concentration represents one of the most serious risks that land forces have to face from the tactical atomic weapons of the enemy, but at the same time neither armoured nor mixed forces can avoid concentration at some moment if they are to strike hard.

This is the case in particular with armour, which, according to the theories of Sir Richard Gale, will have to fight on relatively narrow fronts, so that its supply demands, above all in petrol, may not become too heavy. We may perhaps expect to find the solution in the approach march developing in its final stage to an advance in a hollow formation; square, parallelogram, or oval. But think of the danger of a mix-up, of the demands made on staff work and communication, with wireless silence necessary until the last moment! A high margin for accident is always needed in complex manoeuvres such as suggested, and it is not easy to see how this is to be provided for. Again, though the tactical atomic weapon is to be the primary

MURDER AND ARSON IN CYPRUS; A MOUNTAIN SEARCH BY TROOPS; AND AN ATHENS RIOT.



GUNNERS ON MULE- AND DONKEY-BACK: MEN OF THE 40TH FIELD REGIMENT, ROYAL ARTILLERY, RIDING ON LOCAL ANIMALS WHILE TAKING PART IN A SEARCH IN THE MOUNTAINS.



DURING THE SEARCH OF A SUSPECTED VILLAGE NEAR NICOSIA: VILLAGERS UNDER GUARD IN SEPARATE BARBED WIRE PENS, FOR SEARCHING AND FINGERPRINTING.



AFTER THE MURDER OF A TURKISH CYPRIOT POLICEMAN IN NICOSIA: A TURKISH GIRL IS SEEN DRAPING THE BODY WITH A TURKISH FLAG.



WORKING IN MOUNTAINOUS COUNTRY: MEN OF THE HIGHLAND LIGHT INFANTRY TAKING PART IN A SEARCH OF A 60-SQUARE-MILE AREA IN NORTHERN CYPRUS.



IN THE MOUNTAINS OF NORTHERN CYPRUS: MEN OF THE HIGHLAND LIGHT INFANTRY MOVING THROUGH BRUSHWOOD IN A STEADY INCH-BY-INCH SEARCH.



WRECKAGE OF A BURNT DAKOTA CIVIL AIRLINER AT NICOSIA AIRPORT, BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN DESTROYED BY A SABOTEUR'S TIME-BOMB. (Photograph by radio.)

Since our last report on the Cyprus situation, terrorist incidents have continued to occur, of which perhaps the most significant are: the escape from hospital on April 20 of Ezekias Papaioannou, an extreme left-wing Cypriot detained since December; violent clashes between Turkish and Greek Cypriots in Nicosia on April 23 in which two Turks, one a policeman, were killed; the murder of a highly respected Greek Cypriot journalist, well known for his pro-British views; and the destruction of an airliner by a bomb on Nicosia airfield. Among



ATHENS REPERCUSSIONS OF THE CYPRUS TROUBLES: ATHENIAN STUDENTS MOBBIING A POLICEMAN DURING RIOTS AGAINST THE GREEK FOREIGN MINISTER.

counter-measures may be mentioned the close search of a large mountainous area in Northern Cyprus in which troops of the Highland Light Infantry, the Wiltshire Regt., and the 40th Field Regt., R.A., were taking part. This area is suspected of being a terrorist stronghold and training ground. In Greece the Foreign Minister, Mr. Theotokis, severely criticised by the Cyprus Ethnarchy for his handling of the Cyprus issue, offered to resign, but his resignation was refused by the Greek Cabinet.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK.

PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



NEW DIRECTOR OF B.B.C. TELEVISION: MR. GERALD BEADLE.
The appointment of Mr. Gerald Beadle as Director of B.B.C. Television Broadcasting was announced on April 27. Mr. Beadle joined the B.B.C. in 1923 as an announcer and programme administrator, and has been controller of the West Region since 1937.



INVESTED K.G. BY THE QUEEN: THE EARL ATTLEE.

On April 24 the Earl Attlee, whose appointment as a Knight of the Garter had been announced on April 6, was invested with the insignia of a Knight Companion of the Most Noble Order of the Garter by the Queen at Buckingham Palace. Lord Attlee resigned the leadership of the Labour Party last December.



RE-ELECTED PRESIDENT OF ANTIQUARIES: SIR MORTIMER WHEELER.

At the anniversary meeting of the Society of Antiquaries, on April 23, Sir Mortimer Wheeler, the well-known archaeologist, was re-elected President of the Society. In his anniversary address the president announced the acquisition of permanent quarters at Jerusalem for the British School of Archaeology there.



A NOTED EGYPTOLOGIST: THE LATE PROF. S. R. K. GLANVILLE.

Professor S. R. K. Glanville, Provost of King's College, Cambridge, died at Cambridge on April 26, aged fifty-six. He left Oxford in 1922, and built up a great reputation in the realm of Egyptology before he became Herbert Thompson Professor of Egyptology at Cambridge in 1946.



A "FROGMAN" HERO DIES: CDR. L. CRABB, R.N.V.R., G.M.
Commander Lionel Crabb, R.N.V.R., who was awarded the George Medal in 1944, is missing, presumed dead, after underwater trials as a civilian diver, in the Portsmouth area. He was one of the Royal Navy's first "Frogmen" during the war.



ON ARRIVAL AT TILBURY ON APRIL 24: THE AUSTRALIAN CRICKETERS.

The playing members of the Australian Cricket Team are (from l. to r.): K. R. Miller (vice-captain), R. G. Archer, R. N. Harvey, P. Burge, R. Benaud, G. Langley, J. Burke, I. D. Craig, I. W. Johnson (captain) (with P. Crawford behind him), R. R. Lindwall, A. K. Davidson, C. McDonald, L. Maddocks, K. Mackay, J. Rutherford, and J. Wilson.



NEW AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPION: MR. G. WOLSTENHOLME.

Mr. G. Wolstenholme (Kirby Muxloe), who in the final defeated H. Bennett by one hole at Royal Lytham and St. Annes on April 28, became the new English Golf Champion. Mr. Wolstenholme's play was outstanding.



A LOSS TO HONGKONG: SIR ROBERT HO TUNG.

The millionaire and philanthropist Sir Robert Ho Tung, who has for many years been a leading figure and benefactor in Hongkong, died there on April 26, aged ninety-three.



MEETING FOR TALKS: MR. BEN-GURION (LEFT) AND MR. HAMMARSKJÖLD.

During his mission to the Middle East, Mr. Hammarskjöld, Secretary-General of the United Nations, visited Jerusalem and had talks with Mr. Ben-Gurion, Prime Minister of Israel.



RECEIVING THE B.E.M. FROM THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR: HERR HANS BUEHLMANN.

Herr Hans Buehlmann, a German who pulled two British children to safety from in front of an approaching train, was decorated with the B.E.M. at Dortmund on April 26.



A VETERAN FILM ACTOR DIES: MR. EDWARD ARNOLD.

Mr. Edward Arnold, the veteran film actor, died at his home at Hollywood on April 26, aged 66. He made his first silent film in 1915, and is said to have made more than forty films.



A TUNISIAN APPOINTED TO PARIS: M. HASSEN BELKHODJA.

M. Hassen Belkhodja, who was formerly a Tunisian Government Delegate in Paris, has been appointed the first Tunisian High Commissioner in France. He took up his appointment on April 23. M. Belkhodja studied law at Paris, and has been a member of several Tunisian delegations to France.



LEGISLATOR IN SUDAN AND IRAQ: THE LATE SIR E. BONHAM-CARTER.

Sir Edgar Bonham-Carter, who died at his home in Hampshire on April 24, aged eighty-six, had spent many years in the Sudan, where he was largely responsible for the establishment of the present legal and judicial system. He was also judicial adviser in Mesopotamia, where he developed a strong interest in archaeology.



AUTHOR AND ECONOMIST DIES: THE HON. GEORGE PEEL.

The Hon. George Peel, second son of the first Viscount Peel, died at his home near Reading on April 25, aged eighty-eight. He was the author of several works on the political and economic problems of his time, and in 1921 his edition of the private letters of Sir Robert Peel appeared. He was M.P. for Spalding from 1917-18.



APPOINTED PERMANENT SECRETARY: SIR CYRIL MUSGRAVE.

The appointment of Sir Cyril Musgrave as Permanent Secretary of the Ministry of Supply was announced on April 20. Sir Cyril, who has been Second Permanent Secretary in the Ministry of Supply since 1953, has been one of those responsible for supervising Britain's air rearmament.

AT THE LAST BRITISH INDUSTRIES FAIR TO BE HELD IN LONDON: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.



EXAMINING AN OLYMPIC TORCH: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE FEELING THE WEIGHT OF ONE OF THE TORCHES WHICH WILL BE CARRIED INTO THE MELBOURNE ARENA.



LOOKING AT "THE MOST COMPLEX GLASS APPARATUS IN THE COUNTRY": SOVIET TRADE DELEGATES EXAMINING A SEPARATION AND EXTRACTION APPARATUS FOR LIQUIDS.



WATCHING THE DIRT DISAPPEAR: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE ENJOYING A DEMONSTRATION OF THE WORKING OF A VACUUM CLEANER.



AT THE ATOMIC ENERGY AUTHORITY'S STAND: THE QUEEN EXAMINING A MODEL OF LIDO, THE NEW RESEARCH REACTOR AT HARWELL.



USING LONG-HANDLED TONGS: OPERATORS DEMONSTRATING THE HANDLING OF RADIOACTIVE ISOTOPES FROM BEHIND A PROTECTING WALL OF LEAD.



THE NEW RESEARCH REACTOR AT HARWELL SHOWN IN MODEL FORM: LIDO—SO-NAMED "BECAUSE THE INSIDE LOOKED LIKE A 'SWIMMING-POOL.'"

On April 26 the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh visited the British Industries Fair at Olympia, which was held there from April 23 to May 4. This was the second part of the 1956 B.I.F. to be held in London and, it was announced in March, the last to be held in the capital. The Birmingham section, however (which was also held from April 23 to May 4), is to continue to be held at Castle Bromwich. During their visit to Olympia the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh held the torch which will be carried to the Olympic

Games in Melbourne which the Duke has arranged to open on November 22. At the Atomic Energy Authority's stand the Royal visitors saw a model of Calder Hall, Britain's first nuclear power station, which her Majesty is to open officially in October. The Queen and the Duke also saw detailed models of Lido, a "swimming-pool" reactor now being built at Harwell, and Dido, a heavy-water reactor which is also under construction. Much of the display showed industrial devices for making radioactivity serve man.



THE DAWN AND EVENING SCENES OF SHAKESPEARE'S LIFE: NEW PLACE, STRATFORD-UPON-AVON, AND THE OLD GRAMMAR SCHOOL, ON EITHER SIDE OF THE GUILD CHAPEL.

The ceremony at Stratford-upon-Avon on April 23, when the flags of eighty-eight nations were unfurled in honour of Shakespeare's birthday, underlined not only that Stratford is a centre of pilgrimage and the focal-point of this country's tourist industry, but also the astonishing acceptance of

the whole world that the Warwickshire boy, born nearly 400 years ago, is the world's greatest poet. The scene we show, drawn by our artist Dennis Flanders, is one that summarises both the dawn and the sunset close of the poet's life. It looks from Chapel Street to Church Street; and on the

left side can be seen (in the foreground) what remains of New Place, with Nash's House beside the foundations. In the centre rises the tower of the Guild Chapel of the Guild of the Holy Cross of Stratford-upon-Avon and, immediately beyond, the Guild Hall and Grammar School. Here it was

that Shakespeare went to school and learnt what Ben Jonson, his fellow dramatist, described as "small Latin and less Greek", and in the Guild Hall plays were presented in Shakespeare's childhood (and later)—so that we may think poetry and learning came at the same time—and in the same building.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Dennis Flanders.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. POTTERY LOVING-CUPS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

SOME men cultivate gardens of a few square miles in area; others, by destiny or preference, small backyards. Herewith a few flowers from one such modest allotment, which has been cultivated for the past thirty years by a reader of *The Illustrated London News* as a respite from engineering in Yorkshire—modest flowers which produce no sensations in auction rooms, and few of which have cost more than a few shillings. The crop has now reached its century or thereabouts, and I imagine many readers will be surprised and interested to note what a considerable variety of pattern and style is to be found in so narrow a field. The collection is confined entirely to loving-cups—that is, to two-handled cups—made, nearly all of them, in Yorkshire and from local clays. To describe them as fine things would be a misuse of words; to label them as peasant pottery would be offensive and inaccurate; but they do display certain earthy virtues combined with a naïve sophistication which is attractive, and they manage to avoid, in most

occur, they generally try to lead one's thoughts to higher things. A duplicate, but decorated with other names and a carpenter's tools in place of the farrier's of this example, was traced back to the Swinton Pottery, one of whose part owners was a relative of the man for whom the cup was made.

The pseudo-Oriental, in this case imitating Chinese blue and white, is represented by the only marked cup in the collection—"Hartley" impressed on the side—that is, of the Jack Lane Pottery, Leeds. It stands on a foot rim instead of the usual pedestal and is decorated in a rich dark cobalt blue. A similar recorded example bears the date 1780. The most sophisticated of all the cups is decorated with roses carried out with exceptional refinement, and this and the easy curves of the overlapping handles give the thing an air of elegance not often to be found in cups of this modest type. One of the roses is in a delicate shade of pink—the other in a warm red, verging on brick; other colours are shades of green, blue and yellow. On the reverse side is an inscription in flowing lettering surrounded by floral sprays and of the same red as the darker of the two roses—"George Barlow, Ecclesfield, 1822."

Rather more clumsy in form but with an agreeable and, for the period, highly original floral design, is the cup of No. 4, inscribed on the reverse "Jonathan

cup and with an identical rim pattern, dated 1798, is in the York Museum. Leeds was really quite a centre of pottery manufacture, for though what is commonly known as "Leeds Ware" (by which is generally meant that excellent cream-ware which in its day challenged Wedgwood himself) was made mostly at the Jack Lane pot-house previously mentioned and associated with the names of Hartley and Green, there were fifteen potteries in the neighbourhood recorded as producing fine wares, and as many others turning out coarser qualities, each of which is said to have had its own characteristics. Some of them had a very small output and a very short life. This example has plaited reeded handles which have the appearance of being attached to the body by small foliage terminals—rather out of the way this, because as a rule when this decorative detail was used it was normally of a piece with the handle and not applied separately. This particular cup is taller than the average—6½ ins. high as against the usual 5 to 5½ ins.—and holds just over a pint.

No. 2 is more striking than appears in the photograph for its main colour is a deep brick-red, separated by thin lines of cream. A little startling maybe to eyes attuned to more subtle Oriental meanderings—I find it unusual, bold, and somehow Homeric, for from such a cup, offered by a demure crinolined



NO. 1. DECORATED IN GREENS AND BLUES: ONE OF THE COLLECTION OF POTTERY LOVING-CUPS DESCRIBED BY FRANK DAVIS.



NO. 2. A STRIKING EXAMPLE: ITS MAIN COLOUR IS A DEEP BRICK-RED, SEPARATED BY THIN LINES OF CREAM.



NO. 3. A LOVING-CUP DECORATED WITH AN IMITATION CHINESE DESIGN IN BLUE AND WHITE, PAINTED VERY FREELY.



NO. 4. "RATHER MORE CLUMSY IN FORM BUT WITH AN AGREEABLE AND, FOR THE PERIOD, HIGHLY ORIGINAL, FLORAL DESIGN."



NO. 5. THESE CUPS WERE OFTEN MADE TO A SPECIAL ORDER, AND THIS ONE CELEBRATES A MARRIAGE.



NO. 6. ANOTHER LOVING-CUP CELEBRATING A MARRIAGE. ALL THESE CUPS ARE IN THE COLLECTION OF MR. CLIFFORD CHUBB, OF EASTBOURNE.

cases, some of those dreary extravagances which the more fashionable pot-houses perpetrated during the nineteenth century.

The dates cover about 100 years, from 1770; only one out of the whole collection bears a mark of any kind. Two-handled cups in all kinds of materials are, of course, familiar enough from the earliest ages, yet it is surprising how few are to be seen in pottery; I suppose their intention was too ceremonious and the market too small among humble folk for the idea to catch on to any great extent. Obviously they were often made to a special order, and both Nos. 5 and 6 here celebrate weddings, and the tools shown on No. 6 are those of a farrier. There are several similar examples known, with shades of mauve predominating in the colour scheme, and a floral spray on the reverse; on two of them is the rhyme:

Come let us drink and merry be
Forget dull care and poverty
an unusually cheerful invitation, for, when verses do

Marsden, 1831," with crimson lake predominating, relieved with greens and blues—but indeed what is surprising in all these things is the lively inventiveness which has gone into their decoration and, as often as not, its originality, though, going back to No. 5, made to celebrate the wedding of Michael and Mary Ellis on October 8, 1839, we are liable to blink at the enormous heart-shaped frame surrounding the inscription, smile at the coy little rosebuds above it, and be just a trifle stunned by the blue transfer pattern over all. It is surely the oddest mixture of good classical form—the piece is extremely well balanced—saccharine sentimentality and honest to goodness muddle-headedness, exactly expressing the social ideals of the early years of Queen Victoria.

Another cup (not illustrated here) is worth looking at closely. It is rather clumsy, but the twisted handles are well enough done, and these and the cream body are sufficient to make it as nearly certain as makes no matter that it is a Leeds piece. A similarly decorated

Clytemnestra, might have drunk an Agamemnon in a very high top-hat, on his return from Troy, though not, to be sure, offered in love. We don't know who was the Shad Hudson of the No. 1, or why this was given to him. It is a neat, formal design of nice greens and blues. The reverse between a similar decoration bears the legend "One cup more and then." A similar cup dated two years earlier is at Temple Newsam. No. 3 is another imitation Chinese design in blue and white, the figures and flowers painted very freely and with a fine disregard for the probabilities. It is quite a large piece, 6½ ins. high and 6 ins. diameter. The designer seems to have become bored after finishing the main body of the cup, for he has stuck on the pair of handles in very summary fashion—they join nearly at right-angles. A larger one in the Leeds Museum is dated 1786 as against this one of 1784 and is classified as Leeds manufacture. It remains for me to thank Mr. Clifford Chubb, of Eastbourne, for permission to publish these items from his collection.

ROYAL AND HISTORIC OCCASIONS; A NATIONAL ACQUISITION; AND A FIND.



OPENING THE DESIGN CENTRE FOR BRITISH INDUSTRIES: H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH SPEAKING AT THE NEW CENTRE IN THE HAYMARKET.

On April 26 the Duke of Edinburgh officially opened the Design Centre for British Industries organised by the Council of Industrial Design at 28, Haymarket, London. The new Centre is a permanent but changing public exhibition of well-designed consumer goods. In his speech the Duke said that "every shopper can help raise the standard of British goods and so help our manufacturers to compete abroad."

(RIGHT.) APPOINTED "GRAND SEIGNEUR OF THE COMPANY OF ADVENTURERS OF ENGLAND TRADING INTO HUDSON'S BAY": SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL AT BEAVER HALL.

On April 27, at Beaver Hall, in the City of London, Sir Winston Churchill added a title which he described as "unique and sonorous" to his many honours. His new title, "The Grand Seigneur of the Company of Adventurers of England Trading into Hudson's Bay," was conferred on him by Mr. W. J. Keswick, Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, who said that it had been created "to link for ever the most epic figure in the world and the world's oldest chartered trading company."



HAMMERING THE STONE INTO PLACE WITH A GAVEL: SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF CASSELL'S NEW OFFICES. Sir Winston Churchill "well and truly laid" the foundation-stone of the new offices of Cassell and Co., Ltd., in Red Lion Square, London, on April 23. The stone had to be raised and lowered three times before Sir Winston was satisfied with the position.



NEWLY ACQUIRED BY THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON: "OVID AMONG THE SCYTHIANS," BY EUGÈNE DELACROIX, AN IMPORTANT WORK WHICH IS SIGNED AND DATED 1859. The National Gallery has put on view in Gallery 18 Delacroix's "Ovid Among the Scythians." This important painting has been acquired out of accumulated income and some of the capital of the Martin Colnaghi Fund. (Reproduced by courtesy of the Trustees, the National Gallery, London.)



FOUND BY A WORKMAN DURING BUILDING OPERATIONS NEAR CHEAPSIDE: A SILVER-GILT RING, OF RATHER CRUDE WORKMANSHIP, WHICH IS SAID TO DATE FROM THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

PEACHES AND MYXOMATOSIS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

wild rabbits in Britain has already shown marked repercussions not only on the balance of nature, but of un-nature, too. High in order of importance comes the question of foxes—no rabbits—and poultry-keeping. How far poultry farmers have suffered from foxes, deprived of what must have been one of their chief diets, and so driven to bolder raids upon chickens, I do not know, though it seems likely that there has been some trouble due to this state of things. I gather, however, that those altruists, the hunting fraternity, many of whom will gladly buy and maintain hundreds and hundreds of pounds' worth of horses, and scour the countryside in all weathers, in order to assist poultry farmers by keeping the fox population within bounds, have found foxes numerous enough and strong enough—with-out benefit of rabbits—to justify all this great expense.

The problem of foxes-deprived-of-rabbits has only touched me, personally, in a very small indirect and beneficent way. I keep eight celibate hens, purely for household egg-production, and as far as I am concerned foxes are at liberty to come and admire them at any time, night or day. In fact, I would be enchanted to see half a dozen or so foxes sitting in the front row of the stalls, watching my six Rhode Island Reds, and two gamey little blue-egg-layers, scratching for food in deep litters, gossiping among themselves, and chatting with their audience on the other side of the wire-netting. Liberty foxes are charming, graceful and most decorative creatures—on the right side of the iron curtain.

Lack of rabbits has undoubtedly driven foxes to hunt and eat more rats and mice than ever before, which is surely all to the good. There is an out-house attached to one end of my house, where root vegetables are kept, chicken food is stored and prepared, and where our Siamese cat takes her meals. Until about two years ago this building became a haunt and home of rats, every winter. Each autumn, with the greatest regularity, they would come in from the fields and take up residence in the out-house. The place was a paradise of hidey-holes, and always, inevitably, there was spilled food for the picking-up. But how slow one is apt to be in learning the necessary lesson where rats are concerned. Not once did we take the obvious necessary steps for their liquidation until a family, or families of half-grown young horrors infested the place.

The Borgia technique never failed to rid us of the pest, quickly and effectively. But now, for two winters, we have been entirely free from rats, and I am convinced that this is due to our local fox population having been driven to a rat diet owing to myxomatosis among the rabbits. I was once told of a sure and simple way of ridding one's premises of rats. The plan is to catch one or two rats alive, in a wire trap, daub them with a certain amount of tar, and set them free. The tarred rats carry a strong taint of tar right through all the colony's runs, haunts and hidey-holes, making it unpleasant for themselves as well

as for their brethren, so that they desert in a body. This I can well believe, though I think it probable that the success is due more to rat psychology being shaken by the predicament of the tarred scape-rats than to the fact of their premises having been given the unpleasing smell of tar. I have never tried this method. For one thing it seems to me to be just a little too unkind,

even for rats. But above all, it does not destroy the brutes. It merely causes them to evacuate from one's own premises for someone else's.

It may seem a far try from myxomatosis and rabbits to the peach crop. Nevertheless, I find myself in a quandary in this apparently disjointed connection. I have in my garden seven or eight peach bushes, planted, not against a wall as is the usual practice in this country, but in open, isolated positions in circular beds in lawn. There is a half-standard specimen of "Hale's Early"; a one-year-old bush of "Rochester," an American variety, I believe, of which I have been given great accounts; a seedling "black peach" which I raised from stones sent to me from New Zealand, and flowering this year for the first time; and several big bushes of the double-flowered peaches which I raised from stones taken from peaches borne by the beautiful double "Clara Meyer." The "Hale's Early" has carried and ripened good crops of excellent peaches in past years, and the double-flowered bushes have done the same. But always the cropping has been uncertain. A bit of a gamble. All depends on the sort of weather we get at flowering-time, though I believe that failure of the blossoms to set fruit is due, sometimes, to late frosts destroying the blossoms, but even more often to the flowers' opening during a spell of weather so chilly that no bees are about to distribute the pollen necessary for the setting of fruit.

Now there is an old custom among gardeners who grow peaches, especially under glass, of using a rabbit's tail fastened to the end of a light cane for doing the work of the bees who so often are not on duty at the time that peaches are flowering. Who can blame them? The method is to go over the trees with the rabbit's tail, dabbing it lightly into flower after flower. The soft fur does the work of the absentee bees, picking up a dusting of pollen, and carrying it from flower to flower. It has occurred to me that this proxy-bee work with a rabbit's tail would be well worth putting into practice among my outdoor bush peaches. But where am I to get a rabbit's tail these days? Such a thing might perhaps be found in some old potting-shed, or tucked away in some greenhouse which used to grow peaches, but now produces nothing but tomatoes. A day or two ago I was in London and racked my brains

trying to think of some source of supply for rabbits' tails. The only shop I could think of was Roland Ward's. Twice I passed their door and looked into their window. A lion's head and shoulders stared forth at the passing traffic through a wreath of dehydrated palm leaves—or were they bamboo?—bravely maintaining the famous old big-game tradition. But somehow the wares exhibited in the rest of the window did not seem to hold out much hope of my obtaining a rabbit's tail. Twice I hesitated at the door and twice my courage failed me. Perhaps an advertisement in the *Exchange and Mart* might help. "WANTED.—A rabbit's tail, in exchange for a monkey or anything useful." But it's too late. The peach blossom is opening rapidly. To-day motoring along the Fosse Way I saw a dead rabbit, an obvious case of motor-myxomatocide. Badly though I want a rabbit's tail, I did not stop to collect the scut. I see one course open to me. A snippet filched from my great aunt Richenda's coney-mink tippet!

MOST BEAUTIFUL—AND PERHAPS MOST DELICIOUS—OF FRUITS: THE PEACH, PERFECTLY HARDY, BUT OWING TO ITS EARLY FLOWERING IN THIS COUNTRY REQUIRING, AS MR. ELLIOTT SUGGESTS, THE ATTENTIONS OF THE RABBIT'S TAIL.
(Reproduced, by courtesy of the publishers, from "Fruits and Flowers," by Pierre-Joseph Rédoute, ed. Eva Mannering. 24 Colour Plates. Ariel Press; 30s.)

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RUSSIA'S TWIN-JET TU 104 AIRLINER.



AT LONDON AIRPORT: ONE OF THE THREE RUSSIAN TU 104 TWIN-JET AIRLINERS WHICH AROUSED INTEREST WHEN THEY ARRIVED FROM MOSCOW.



INSIDE ONE OF RUSSIA'S AIRLINERS: LOOKING THROUGH THE DOORWAY INTO THE PASSENGER COMPARTMENT OF A TU 104.



AT THE CONTROLS: VICTOR IVANOV, A SOVIET PILOT, SEATED IN ONE OF THE GIANT AIRCRAFT WHICH WAS ON VIEW TO THE PUBLIC.

During the recent visit of Marshal Bulganin and Mr. Khrushchev there were three Russian Tu 104 twin-jet airliners at London Airport. The giant aircraft aroused considerable interest, and on April 26 members of the public were allowed to look over one of them. General Serov flew to London recently in one of these airliners and British aviation experts, who had an opportunity of studying it, described it as "potentially a formidable aeroplane." The designer, Mr. A. N. Tupolev, who accompanied the Russian leaders during their visit to Britain, was said by Mr. Khrushchev to be "now building an aeroplane for 170 passengers." The Tu 104 is designed to carry fifty passengers, or seventy in a tourist version. The cruising speed is thought to be about 518 m.p.h. at 33,000 ft.

"NIKKI" IN THE WHALE'S MOUTH.



BARELY A MOUTHFUL FOR A WHALE: NIKKI, PRINCESS ANNE'S LITTLE BEAR CUB, IN *MOBY DICK*'S HUGE JAWS AT THE LONDON ZOO.

Nikki, the three-month-old Russian bear cub which Marshal Bulganin and Mr. Khrushchev gave to Princess Anne, is at present in the London Zoo. During a recent outing he posed for this photograph in the huge jaws of the model whale which was originally made for the film *Moby Dick*, and is now the centre-piece of the Zoo's current whaling exhibition.

LONDON AIRPORT DEVELOPMENTS; AND NEWS FROM TWO CONTINENTS.



ROME'S SPANISH STEPS IN ALL THEIR GLORY, WITH EVERY STEP ADORNED WITH POTTED AZALEAS IN EVERY SHADE.



CLAIMED AS A WORLD RECORD: A 756-LB. BLUE MARLIN CAUGHT BY MR. ALLEN SHERMAN OFF PUERTO RICO ON AN 80-LB. TEST LINE. THE ALL-TACKLE RECORD IN 1955 WAS 742 LB.



KISSING FORBIDDEN: BY A NEW RULE VISITORS TO A RAVENNA GALLERY MUST NOT KISS THIS MARBLE WARRIOR, AS HAD BEEN THE CUSTOM, SINCE LIPSTICK TRACES ARE DIFFICULT TO REMOVE.



NOW NEARLY COMPLETED: THE NEW HEADQUARTERS OF B.O.A.C. AT LONDON AIRPORT. BEHIND THE MAIN OFFICES IN FRONT LIE HUGE HANGARS.



PART OF THE 800-FT.-LONG ENGINEERING HALL, IN THE NEW B.O.A.C. HEADQUARTERS. IN THE FOREGROUND POWER PLANT OVERHAUL SHOPS. The new B.O.A.C. Headquarters at London Airport is already in operation and will soon be completed. The building centralises work formerly done at Brentford, Filton and London Airport and will eventually house about 4000 workers. It covers 17 acres.



PLAYING IN THE PIAZZA OF SAN MARCO IN VENICE: THE BAND OF THE ROYAL HORSE GUARDS, TAKING PART IN THE ANNUAL FESTIVAL OF SAN MARCO.

On April 22 the band of the Royal Horse Guards flew from London Airport to Venice on the inaugural flight of a direct air service between London and Venice; and are here seen playing in the celebrated Piazza in front of the Cathedral of San Marco.



A FIRE IN WHICH £50,000'S-WORTH OF SCRIPTURAL WORKS WERE LOST: THE GUTTED AND SMOKING BUILDING OF THE SCRIPTURE GIFT MISSION NEAR VICTORIA STATION.

On April 23 an explosion caused by a gas leak in the basement led to a sudden and destructive fire in the premises of the Scripture Gift Mission and Naval and Military Bible Society in Eccleston Place, near Victoria Station. It was later found that one man had been killed.

UNUSUAL MILITARY AND CRICKET ITEMS; AND A SUSPECT BERLIN TUNNEL.



PROBABLY TO BE THE QUEEN'S MOUNT AT THE TROOPING THE COLOUR CEREMONY ON MAY 31: WINSTON, THE POLICE HORSE, BEING RIDDEN BY A MOUNTED POLICEMAN, IN PLAIN CLOTHES, IN FRONT OF A PARADE IN LONDON.



PAYING HIS LAST TRIBUTE TO TAFFY, HIS REGIMENT'S GOAT MASCOT: LIEUT-COLONEL J. R. L. TRAHERNE, OFFICER COMMANDING THE 1st BATTALION, THE WELCH REGIMENT, SALUTES AS TAFFY IS LAID TO REST.

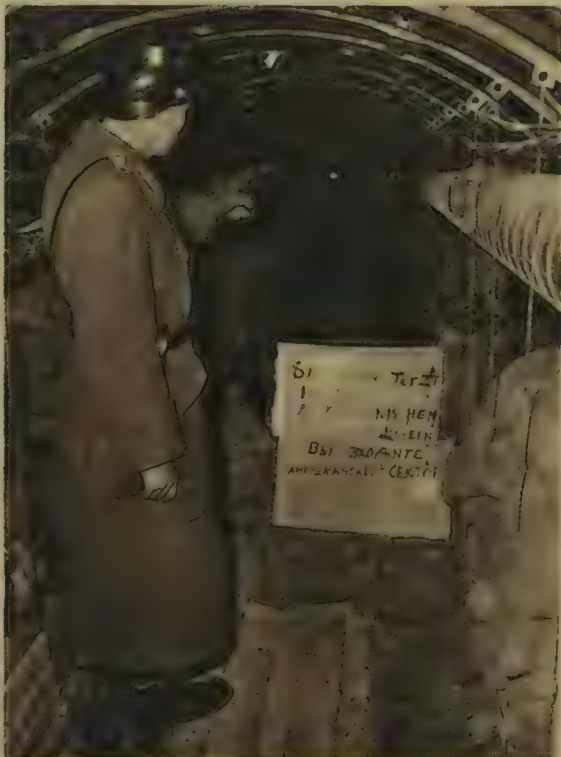


PROVIDED FOR REPORTERS OF THE AUSTRALIAN CRICKET MATCHES: DR. CHARLES HILL, THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL, LOOKS OVER THE INTERIOR OF THE NEW MOBILE TELEGRAPH OFFICE.



A NOVEL FEATURE OF THE AUSTRALIAN CRICKET TOUR: THE NEW MOBILE TELEGRAPH OFFICE PROVIDED BY THE GENERAL POST OFFICE.

A new mobile telegraph office, which will enable reports of the matches to be transmitted direct from the grounds to all parts of the world, has been provided by the G.P.O. for the benefit of Press Correspondents who will be reporting the Australian cricket matches. It was used for the first time during the match against the Duke of Norfolk's team at Arundel.



CAUSE OF RUSSIAN COMPLAINTS IN BERLIN: PART OF A 350-YARD TUNNEL RUNNING FROM THE U.S. SECTOR INTO THE RUSSIAN SECTOR.

On April 23 the Soviet Army claimed the discovery of a tunnel which connected East Berlin with the United States sector of the city. They alleged that its purpose was to tap telephone cables used by Russian troops. On April 24 journalists were able to inspect the tunnel, which



A RUSSIAN OFFICER EXPLAINS TO JOURNALISTS HOW THE TUNNEL WAS USED TO TAP THE RUSSIAN TELEPHONE CABLES.



INSIDE THE TUNNEL UNDER BERLIN: SOME OF THE CABLES AND EQUIPMENT WHICH HAVE BEEN THE CAUSE OF RUSSIAN ALLEGATIONS.

runs for about 350 yards from a cable junction under the road in the Eastern sector, and ends just inside the American sector. Inside the tunnel there is a complete telephone switchboard of British manufacture. A protest was sent to the United States authorities.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



WINDOW ON NEST-BUILDING.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

THE essence of an instinctive act is that all members of the same species will carry it out in the same way, without previous learning, and without improvement, no matter how many times it is performed. The clearest and most familiar example, within the framework of this definition, is seen in a spider's web-building. The first web built will have the design typical of the species, and the last web it builds—and, of course, all others between the first and the last—will be to the same design. The nest-building of birds appears to come very near to this rigid automatism, so that, as a rule, it is easy for anyone experienced in the subject to identify readily a particular nest. Yet, in spite of this, even a relatively small acquaintance with bird's nests in general suggests that there is less rigidity in design than in the webs of spiders. It is what we should expect from the differences in mental equipment between these two classes of animals.

I have long suspected that in birds the basis of nest-building may be inborn but that some quality of learning is not wholly absent. We know from the fact of aviary-kept birds, isolated since the nestling-stage from their kind, building typical nests, that there can be no learning based upon example. Any learning must therefore be of the trial-and-error kind, or, perhaps more properly, of the nature of an emergent skill. The sequence of events we have been able to observe this year, in watching our rook, *Corbie*, has been instructive.

Corbie is now in his third year. For the past eight months he has had a companion in his aviary, a female crow. The accidental circumstances by which this situation was reached is of no consequence to the present story. It is sufficient that *Corbie* readily recognised the crow's sex and has consistently courted her since, displaying to her and feeding her. His devotion to her has not occupied the whole of his time, and throughout the months, for all hours of daylight, he has been busily active. Day after day he has ploughed up the turf floor of his aviary with his beak, and always he has shown the greatest interest in any solid objects encountered. Small sticks especially would be picked up and carried about, later to be dropped and neglected.

At the beginning of the year his interest in sticks tended to increase and simultaneously with this another feature of his behaviour became marked—too marked for the comfort of anyone entering the aviary. Normally hand-tame, with the acquisition of his companion, the female crow, *Corbie* tended to show aggression towards any intruder into the aviary. In January, he took more and more to a particular perch, and when in position there his belligerence was noticeably increased, and whether he was on it or not, any approach to it, as, for example, holding the hand up to it, was made the occasion for a violent attack.

As time passed the reason for this became clear. *Corbie* started to build a nest there. Soon after he had started this, my daughter put a stout stick up into position, to assist his efforts. She retired hastily from the aviary after having done so with several long scratches down the side of her face, so violent was his attack. At all events, he now had three perches arranged in a triangle of about 1 ft. in length along each of its three sides. The incident is related here partly to stress the vigour with which he defended this chosen site and partly to describe the foundation on which he was preparing to build.

Even with the two perches only, set at right-angles to each other, *Corbie* had already set some sticks in position. How he would have fared had my daughter

not completed the triangle can now be a matter for speculation and no more. Even with the completed triangle, the sticks he attempted to place in position did not always stay there. In due course, however, the base of the nest was completed, more and more



IN THE HIGHEST SPOT IN THE AVIARY AND ITS DARKEST CORNER: CORBIE SITTING ON THE NEST. WHILE THE FEMALE CROW WATCHED HIS EFFORTS AT NEST-BUILDING WITH SEEMING INTEREST, SHE MADE NO MOVE TO ASSIST HIM.



WHEN THE NEST WAS NEARING COMPLETION: CORBIE IN AN AGGRESSIVE MOOD WITH HIS BREAST FEATHERS FLUFFED OUT. SINCE THE ROOK HAS SHARED THE AVIARY WITH A FEMALE CROW HE HAS TENDED TO SHOW AGGRESSIVENESS TO ANY INTRUDER NEAR THE NEST SITE ALTHOUGH HE IS NORMALLY HAND-TAME.

Photographs by Jane Burton.

sticks were added and finally a lining of dried grass completed the task.

To continue this part of the story, when the nest was in the last stages of completion, *Corbie* tried to introduce the crow to it. The breeding period for the

crow in this country is later than that of the rook. Although *Corbie* continued all the time to pay court to his companion, and she to accept his constant feeding ministrations, we saw no sign of mating or attempted mating, and, moreover, while the crow watched his efforts at nest-building with seeming interest, she made no move to assist him. He did, however, from time to time, coerce her onto the nest. Choosing a moment when she was perched near it, he would advance towards her, lower his head under her breast, and force her backwards until, in the natural course of retreat, she stepped backwards into the nest. Then he was content, even if she immediately stepped out of it.

The partnership here is an unnatural one, and presumably will remain unfruitful. Because only the one partner is at work, however, the sequence of events remains relatively simple making observation of successive steps in the nest-building easier to follow. We formed the impression, from carefully watching his work, that *Corbie* was working to a design, the unfolding of which must clearly be innate. At the same time, it also seemed evident that as he progressed his skill increased. That is, something more than a purely automatic behaviour was involved. For example, in the early stages of building, he would carry a stick up to the nest, place it in position, look about him, return to that stick, pick it up and place it elsewhere. He might do this a dozen times with one stick. As time went on, however, he placed his sticks with greater assurance and was less inclined to move them once they had been placed. It appeared that he was able to judge from the size and shape of the stick where it should be placed to best advantage.

Perhaps the clearest instance of positive learning came in his handling of one particular stick, an irregular Y and about a foot long. To carry each stick up to the nest site, the rook would fly up to a low perch, then onto one at right-angles to it but above it, onto a third perch, then onto a fourth, and so to the nest. At each step there were hazards. At the first perch the awkward Y-stick became jammed and *Corbie* was flung backwards, dropping the stick to the ground. There it lay until the next day. Again he tried and this time, profiting by experience, he so held the stick that he landed successfully on the first perch. When he flew to the second perch, however, the end of the stick then protruded through the wire of the aviary and again the frustrated *Corbie* had to let it fall. To cut the narrative short, he took nearly a week to carry the stick up to the nest, with intervals of several hours, or sometimes a whole day, between successive attempts. At each repetition, it was very clear from his manoeuvres that he was remembering previous experiences and avoiding the obstacles encountered in previous attempts. In the last attempt but one, the rook had landed on the perch normally, and, as he turned his head to take off into the nest, the end of the stick went through the wire ceiling of the aviary and was whipped from his beak. This time he flew immediately down after it and when he reached this stage of the journey on his return, he lowered his head before turning it and flew successfully onto the nest. There, without hesitation, he placed the stick in position, patted it with his beak and left it.

These may be trivial details, and they represent only a brief sketch of all that took place. They do suggest, nevertheless, an increasing skill in an operation carried through for the first time; and—dare we say it?—a slight modicum of reasoning in its performance.



WHERE GENERATIONS OF WYKEHAMISTS HAVE TROD FOR OVER 550 YEARS: THE OUTER GATE OF WINCHESTER COLLEGE, SEEN FROM THE MIDDLE GATE ACROSS OUTER COURT. THIS PART OF THE COLLEGE HAS ALTERED LITTLE SINCE 1394.

In his article on "Our Note Book" page, Sir Arthur Bryant refers to the Wykehamist "idea"; and to the great part that Wykehamists have played in the public life of this country since William of Wykeham's scholars first took possession of their new buildings in 1394. The oldest parts of the school, little altered since that date, are Outer Court and Inner, or Chamber, Court. Yesterday (May 4) a distinguished committee issued a special Winchester College Appeal to Wykehamists and others who appreciate the

distinctive character of Winchester, for the sum of £500,000. The objects of the appeal are chiefly: the preservation and improvement of the School Buildings, and Masters' and other Staff Houses in Kingsgate and College Streets; of the Boarding Houses; and to provide additional playing fields and improvements to Gunner's Hole. Donations may be sent to The Winchester College Appeal Committee, c/o Barclays Bank Ltd., 54, Lombard Street, E.C.3.

Specially drawn for "The Illustrated London News" by Bryan de Grineau.

A CHIMPANZEE AS A "HANDY-MAN": A THREE-AND-A-HALF-YEAR-OLD



WHEN EVEN TWO PAIRS OF HANDS WILL NOT SUFFICE: CHRISTINE USES HER MOUTH TO STEADY THE SAW FOR THIS CARPENTRY OPERATION.



A DELICATE OPERATION CALLING FOR STEADINESS OF HANDS AND NERVES: CHRISTINE CUTTING A PIECE OF WOOD WITH HER LEFT HAND.



MEASURE TWICE, CUT ONCE: CHRISTINE IS FASCINATED BY THE FOLDING RULE, BUT HER CONCENTRATION IS MORE IMPRESSIVE THAN HER INTERPRETATION.



SMOOTHING AWAY WITH A SANDPAPER BLOCK: THE CHIMPANZEE GETS BUSY ON THE OUTSIDE OF AN OLD WOODEN BOWL.

Since 1953, when we first introduced our readers to *Christine*, the baby chimpanzee, which Miss Lilo Hess first met in a pet shop in April 1952, and has since brought up in her Pennsylvanian home, we have published photographs showing the chimpanzee at various stages of her development, and in 1954 showed her playing with Miss Hess's antelope, *Toddy*. In a recent issue of the American magazine *Natural History*, Miss Hess contributed an illustrated article on *Christine's* behaviour at the age of three-and-a-half when, as Miss Hess writes: "I see the bridge leading further and further away from the human path. It would not be fair to compare *Christine* to a backward child. Her behaviour is not below standard; it is only different. She did not stop developing; she is branching out in a different direction." Between the ages of six months and a year Miss Hess found that *Christine's* development was a bit ahead of children of the same age, and even at the age of two, the difference between her and a human child was not too great. At her present age some situations still show the chimpanzee in better control than a child of the same age: "Others put her at about the same level of response, and many show her to be below the mental ability of a human

child. To start with the last, she still gets fun out of the same type of games and toys that amused her at the age of two. Her upright walk has not improved very much. She walks on all fours about 70 per cent. of the time. She still chews up things she likes and then cries because they are gone. Like the child of three-and-a-half, she loves to scribble and finger-paint and has a good sense of colour. She likes to look at pictures and is capable of recognising familiar objects. She understands most things said to her and can recognise words and sentences even on the radio. She tops the child in quickness of reactions, in strength, and in physical ability. In some of her games she displays remarkable understanding. Her love of tools and the way she handles them would surprise anyone not familiar with chimpanzees. Most three-and-a-half-year-olds like to hammer and take things apart and try to put them together again, but most of them do not work on a thing with such serious concentration as *Christine* does. . . . The chimpanzee's first efforts were to take things apart. She usually used a screwdriver to pry them loose, and this needed no demonstration; she just seemed to know. But to turn a screw in the correct manner presented a problem. She could not

Photographs by Lilo Hess

APE USES THE FAMILY TOOL-BOX WITH SKILL AND DETERMINATION.



A STUDY IN CONCENTRATION: THE LITTLE CHIMP SETTLES DOWN TO FIXING THE SECOND LEG ON THE TABLE.



SIMPLE WHEN YOU KNOW HOW: CHRISTINE, HAVING MASTERED THE WRIST ACTION NECESSARY FOR TURNING A SCREW, SOON FINISHES THE JOB.



KNOCKING THE NAIL ON THE HEAD: CHRISTINE PUTS THE FINAL TOUCHES TO HER REPAIR WORK ON A BROKEN STOOL.



HAPPILY PURSUING HER NEWLY-ACQUIRED SKILL: CHRISTINE BUSILY REMOVING A DOOR HINGE—NO SCREW IN THE HOUSE WAS SAFE FROM HER.

make her wrist turn. But she never gave up. She would try time and again. Showing her how to do it did not seem to help. Then finally, one day, when she was almost three years old, she succeeded at her project." Miss Hess says that although this was a day of triumph for *Christine*, it was a black-letter day for the house! From then onwards no light plug, bolt, or door lock was safe from her attentions. "She tried to put screws in, but for many months it did not work. Then one day she managed to master this art as well. . . she is also very fond of sandpapering wood, hammering, and even sawing." *Christine's* best work was on a little three-legged stool which was broken in half. One side had one leg, the other had two. The minute she had access to the toolbox (it was carefully locked all the time), she brought out the hammer and tried to fix the two parts together without a nail. Then she went to Miss Hess and said "please" in her own way, and was given a piece of wood and shown where to saw it off. She sawed it fairly straight, using two pairs of "hands" and her mouth, and then Miss Hess: "put the piece of wood on the underside of the two broken pieces of the stool, handed her three nails, and told her to put them in." Although *Christine* from "Three Lions."

was not told where the nails should go "she got them in after a fashion, hammering away furiously. Before she had them in tight, though, she turned the stool over and tried to sit on it. The legs collapsed right away, throwing *Christine* on the floor. She picked up the pieces and the hammer and started all over again. Each time when she thought she had the pieces tight, she would try to sit on the stool, and it would collapse again." Miss Hess did not actually count the number of times that the chimpanzee repeated her efforts, but says that it must have been about eight or ten. Finally, Miss Hess gave a little help and when *Christine* tried out the stool once again and found that this time it held together "she seemed surprised and a little disappointed. She wriggled back and forth on it, and it still did not give way, she abandoned it to turn to something else." Apparently a bottle-opener is also a favourite tool and with it *Christine* can pry the caps off bottles and jars although she has to struggle hard to do so. The chimpanzee never uses the bottle-opener for any other purpose, but the screwdriver is also used as a stick to retrieve objects beyond her reach, as a pass-key for forcing locks, or as a weapon to ward off an animal, usually the dog.



THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

TRICKS AND MANNERS.

By ALAN DENT.

IN the very heart of the centre of things in London, there are notices addressed to the public, at every desk or counter where small change might conceivably be available, which say peremptorily:—"Don't Ask for Coppers for the Telephone." You search your pocket or purse and find yourself copperless, though telephone you absolutely must, or miss a meeting or an interview or a train.

So what is the natural course? You approach the counter or desk and proffer a shilling for the cheapest possible newspaper or an unwanted ticket for the next station on the Tube. And what is the result of this strategy? You receive small change with a vengeance—halfpence and dodecahedral threepenny-bits, but not even one of the necessary three pennies. This would not matter quite so much if the shower of coins came politely or even apologetically. Far more often it clatters exactly as though the clerk or attendant were saying in so many words:—"You don't really need this paper or ticket. What you want is pennies for the telephone—I know your sly underhand tricks, and I am absolutely determined to prevent you doing anything of the sort!" In effect he is saying of London's

Clouzot-ian sequence to show how the serum was eventually obtained and delivered. I know less than nothing about radio transmissions, but am given to understand from this film that amateurs of radio may pick up messages when the ordinary professional channels are closed or jammed. Thus it is that the only doctor who can be brought to hear of our Breton trawler's plight in the North Sea is a doctor in Togoland, in the Gulf of Guinea. This doctor is more than somewhat distracted by a lady who needs a great deal of attention and who is highly impatient with tinkering at an amateur's wireless set. S O S to this lady simply would seem to stand for Sink or Swim, and she is exactly the sort of lady who, in to-day's

instead of numerous little bureaucratic hold-ups which are circumvented. Well, in spite of the state of the world and in spite of my cynical colleagues, I go on with a sneaking faith in humankind and in ultimate goodness, and in that "consideration for others" which occasionally, if not always, ensures that others may be saved when they are in a really desperate plight. If the tricks and manners are propagandist that bring this feeling about, I am not one to mind.

OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE.



M. HENRI-GEORGES CLOUZOT, THE DIRECTOR OF THE FRENCH FILM "RACE FOR LIFE," WHICH IS REVIEWED BY MR. DENT IN HIS ARTICLE.

In making his choice Mr. Dent writes: "In default of any particular actor the choice this week should go to a film-director, the distinguished Henri-Georges Clouzot, who has made his mark in the last dozen years in several remarkable French films—notably 'Le Corbeau,' 'Manon,' 'The Wages of Fear' and 'Les Diaboliques.' His highly dramatic hand is again much in evidence in the exciting new film called 'Race for Life,' of which he is part-author in collaboration with M. Christian-Jaque."

[Photo: Samlévin.]

From Russia—besides the unexpected help in the film reviewed above—come also two strange Shakespeare-inspired films. Each is, in its own peculiar way, enjoyable. One is called "Romeo and Juliet" and the other "Twelfth Night." The first has hardly anything to do with Shakespeare at all, since it is an elaborate photographing of Prokofiev's ballet-treatment of the subject and might almost equally be based on the Italian novella from which Shakespeare quarried his play, adding few characters of his own invention, excepting Mercutio and Juliet's Nurse. Some spoken comment in English is totally unnecessary and sometimes disastrously funny. Ulanova dances Juliet excessively well.

The film of "Twelfth Night" is altogether more interesting to those of us who respect our Shakespeare. Both Viola and Sebastian are played by girls disguised as boys, and this somehow makes the accidents caused by their resemblance less unlikely than usual. It is, anyhow, a new way of doing it. The poetry, too, appears to have been literally translated into Russian. The play really does seem to be happening in Illyria,



A TENSE MOMENT IN THE FRENCH FILM "RACE FOR LIFE." THE CREW OF THE FRENCH TRAWLER LUTÈCE, STRUCK BY A MYSTERIOUS ILLNESS, SUSPECT ITS CAUSE IS THE HOME-CURED HAM ON BOARD. THEY TRY IT ON THE CAT—AND WATCH IT DIE. (LONDON PREMIÈRE, ACADEMY, MARCH 31.)

anxious wayfarers, shoppers, birds of passage, what Dickens's Jenny Wren is continually saying of mankind in general:—"Oh, I know their tricks and their manners!"

My colleagues in criticism seem to me to have been rather taking up Jenny Wren's attitude to the makers of "Race for Life," the latest French film, which has been made by M. Christian-Jaque, who has great talent, with a great deal of help from M. Clouzot, who is a genius. It is not easy to make this film sound attractive, since it is largely concerned with an outbreak of botulism, or severe food poisoning, on a Breton trawler somewhere in the North Sea. There is a crew of twelve—eleven Bretons and an Arab. There is no doctor or medical orderly. The radio, which has been temperamental since the start of the trip, has now become so erratic that it tends only to take incoming messages if any at all.

The mate of the trawler blames the Arab boy for bringing ill luck to the ship. The Arab boy is the only one to escape the food poisoning. It turns out, moreover, that he is the only one who has not partaken of a certain cured ham which was a present to the crew by the mate's wife. To this ham is traced the botulism. The Arab is thus exonerated from the blame of bringing ill luck, and the mate's wife—who is not, of course, present but safely home in Brittany—is proved to be the cause of all the trouble, a fact which—in the way of things—turns the mate's regard for the Arab from dislike to open enmity. This hatred is dissolved into admiration when the Arab pluckily jumps into an ice-cold sea to swim out and fetch a packet of anti-botulus serum which a helicopter has vainly tried to drop upon the trawler's deck.

But long before this nick-of-time climax we are taken through a very intricate and suspenseful and

abominable but omnipresent phrase, could not care less! However, the distracted doctor does give the trawler the diagnosis that an anti-botulus serum will save the trawler if it is injected into the sufferers before 8 a.m. the following day.

To narrate exactly how the serum is obtained and delivered would be (a) difficult for me and (b) damaging to the reader's eventual enjoyment of this film when it comes his way. Let me only say that amateurs and volunteers in Paris and Berlin (both Western and Russian sectors) and in Norway act as willing and enthusiastic intermediaries. They include a doctor's widow in Paris, a blind German and an American airman in Western Berlin, an extraordinarily accommodating Russian officer in Eastern Berlin, a Swedish air-stewardess, and some jocose yet earnest Norwegian air-officers who complete the circle, only just.

My colleagues assure me, or try to assure me, that things would not happen just so pat—that there would be one hopeless bureaucratic hold-up to prevent it,



"INTERESTING TO THOSE OF US WHO RESPECT OUR SHAKESPEARE": AN AMUSING SCENE FROM THE NEW RUSSIAN VERSION OF "TWELFTH NIGHT," SHOWING (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) SIR ANDREW AGUECHECK (G. VIPIN), FESTE (B. FREINDLICH) AND SIR TOBY BELCH (M. YANSHIN) ENJOYING THEIR NIGHT OF REVELRY. (LONDON PREMIÈRE, BAKER STREET CLASSIC, APRIL 22.)

or in some mountainous country near the Black Sea which really does resemble our notions of Illyria. The chief parts are bewitchingly well played. The colour is quite enchanting. And the few departures from Shakespeare—Orsino, for example, first meets Viola when she is singing "Come Away, Death" as a kind of serenade—are neither grave nor infelicitous.

FROM KENYA: A CAUTIONARY TALE OF A RHINO'S REVENGE ON HIS RESCUER.



TRAPPED IN A DRYING WATERHOLE: THE RHINOCEROS WHICH, WHEN FIRST VIEWED BY ITS RESCUER, WAS DESPERATELY BEATING ITS HEAD AGAINST THE MUD.



LYING IMMOBILE AT THE SIDE OF THE DRIED UP WATERHOLE: THE RHINOCEROS, STILL PARTLY EMBEDDED IN MUD, SEEN AFTER THE ROPE HAD BEEN FIXED AROUND IT.



GRUNTING IN PROTEST AS THE ROPES SLOWLY PULLED IT FROM CERTAIN DEATH: THE RHINOCEROS EMERGING FROM THE WATERHOLE.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Milotte, the well-known American naturalists and photographers, who contributed to "Beaver Valley," "The Living Desert," "The Vanishing Prairie" and other of Mr. Walt Disney's spectacular nature films, narrowly escaped death while they were in Africa shooting the film for Mr. Disney's "The African Lion." This episode, which so nearly ended in tragedy, does not, however, appear in the film "The African Lion" now showing in London at Studio One. It happened one day when Mr. and Mrs. Milotte, who were scouting along a remote trail in Kenya, came across a bull rhinoceros trapped in the mud of a drying waterhole. The beast would



A TRICKY PART OF THE RESCUE OPERATION SAFELY ACCOMPLISHED: THE RHINOCEROS, WEIGHING OVER A TON, AS IT APPEARED AFTER A ROPE HITCH HAD BEEN SECURED AROUND ITS GREAT GIRTH.



USING A HAWSER ATTACHED TO A HEAVY CAMERA TRUCK: THE RESCUERS PREPARING TO PULL THE STRANDED ANIMAL OUT OF ITS DEATH TRAP.



STRANGE GRATITUDE: THE RHINOCEROS SUDDENLY CHARGES AND CRASHES INTO THE TRUCK AS MR. MILOTTE ESCAPED BY SECONDS.

have died a slow and horrible death had not Mr. Milotte, with the help of a park patrol officer, decided to try and save it. After securing ropes round the massive creature, and using a hawser attached to the heavy camera truck they pulled it clear of the mud. When the ropes were removed the rhinoceros lumbered slowly to its feet, and Mr. Milotte stood relaxed, recovering his breath. Suddenly the great animal, deciding that Mr. Milotte was his persecutor and not his saviour, made a ferocious charge, and Mr. Milotte only just reached the truck as the brute crashed into the steel side. Mrs. Milotte filmed the whole incident, including the moments of desperate anxiety.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

NOW AND THEN.

By J. C. TREWIN.

ALTHOUGH, this week, I had expected to write about the new play at the Piccadilly Theatre, there is little reason to do so. "Commemoration Ball" was a glum business: from curtain-rise our spirits dwindled and pined. For purposes of record, let me say that the scene was an Oxford college during Commemoration Week. Various farcical flutters ensued beside which the text of "Charley's Aunt" seemed to be a creation of the most delicate and subtle wit.

Our astonished gloom communicated itself to the cast, though Norman Wooland showed from time to time that he was an actor of distinction not to be wasted on these revels. At the end of the performance the gallery duly acknowledged the actors and booed the play, and one left the theatre feeling that only Lady Bracknell (in spite of her high regard for Oxonians) could have said the right things about this piece. Her recorded "You seem to be displaying signs of triviality" is hardly enough. In privacy I imagine she would find the right demolition charge.

Still, we must bear these disappointments during a season; and, after all, the present season, with "The Chalk Garden," "The Power and the Glory," and "The Crucible" to its credit, has been uncommonly exciting. Certainly, for the sake of such performances as those by Dame Edith Evans and Peggy Ashcroft at the Haymarket, and by Paul Scofield at the Phoenix—Scofield's tormented priest dwells in the grateful mind—one can forgive much elsewhere. I must add to these major performances the Marie Tudor of Maria Casarès who suddenly touched the French season at the Palace—that of the Théâtre National Populaire—into flaming life with the torch-fire of her acting in Victor Hugo's play. This, which takes its name, "Marie Tudor," from the English Queen, is unabashed prose melodrama: you might call it Harrison Ainsworth translated to the stage. But it has any amount of theatrical fervour and drive. "Gregory remember thy swashing blow," says Sampson in "Romeo and Juliet." Hugo has employed his swashing blow here; and the glory of the night was the way in which Maria Casarès hurtled at a part that called for out-and-out acting, no timorous throw-away. When she turned upon Roger Mollien's Fabiani at the end of the second act, it was as if she used a many-thonged whip: the voice lashed.

Torches, whips, yes, an evening in the theatre, and one heightened by the simplicity of Jean Vilar's direction. He let the play, like "Don Juan" a night or so earlier, grow from the dark upon a bare stage, and the director of the current Stratford-upon-Avon "Hamlet" (who sought to use similar methods) could well take Vilar's example to heart. Where the "Hamlet" remains static, both "Don Juan" and "Marie Tudor" have a ceaseless pulsing energy.

I preferred "Marie Tudor" to "Don Juan" simply because Vilar's strength, though as an actor he has plenty of resource, is more in direction than playing; and the Molière depended principally upon the amply-detailed Sganarelle of Daniel Sorano. But here, too, some of Vilar's devices took the breath: for one thing, the creation of the Commander's tomb by vertical shafts of light that built an illusion more securely than the most complicated set would have done.

This is my cue to leave Now for Then: to remind you that, just 100 years ago, visitors to a performance of "The Winter's Tale" in the old Princess's Theatre, Oxford Street, watched history in the making. I agree that to a stage recorder, every play is a speck in the coral reef of theatre history; but that night was a very notable affair, though no one present would have dreamed that it was.

Possibly most people were thinking of the elaboration of the sets. Charles Kean would have gasped at Vilar's idea of spectacle. For Kean everything had to be

solid, accurate, archæologically exact. He was not a very good actor, but he was a tireless antiquarian, and his seasons at the Princess's have come down to us for their spectacular triumphs. Kean saw "The Winter's Tale" with delight as a contrast between the most pictorially beautiful aspects of Greek civilisation, and life in Bithynia, which he substituted for Bohemia so that he could "represent the costumes of the inhabitants of Asia Minor at a corresponding period."

It was, altogether, a fantastic production. In these days the chorus-link for Time is usually spoken by the conventional wielder of scythe and hour-glass. Kean substituted a vast allegory, complete with Luna, the

a universal conviction that this figure also was artificial; but the living reality was conveyed in the most startling manner when, at the full height of his ascent, he suddenly raised his right arm to lash a restive courser. . . . The entire allegory may be pronounced the greatest triumph of art ever exhibited on the stage.

At the end of the play there appears to have been a memorable procession, by torchlight, round the peristyle in which the "statue" of Hermione was placed.

In these days we think less of Kean's production than of the fact that, on the night of April 28, 1856, and for the 101 nights that followed, the prince,

Mamillius, was acted by a young, fair-haired girl in a blue-and-silver dress: a nine-year-old child called Ellen Terry, who drew a go-cart modelled upon one on a Greek vase. She was most mortified on this first night—in the presence of Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort—because she tripped over the cart and fell, when Leontes (Charles Kean) told her to "go, play." Naturally, the house tittered; and the child—who had not acted before, though she came of an acting family—felt sadly humiliated.

Her career was not over. It took more than a single tumble to extinguish Ellen Terry. Fortified by a pat on the back from Mrs. Kean (who was the Hermione) and a good notice—"vivacious and precocious"—in *The Times*, she went on to act the part, at fifteen shillings a week, through what was then a long run. Lewis Carroll, who saw her one night, described her as "a beautiful little creature, who played with remarkable ease and spirit."



WHERE PLAYGOERS—THOUGH NO ONE PRESENT WOULD HAVE DREAMED OF IT—WATCHED HISTORY IN THE MAKING A HUNDRED YEARS AGO: THE STATUE SCENE FROM MR. CHARLES KEAN'S VERSION OF "THE WINTER'S TALE" IN THE OLD PRINCESS'S THEATRE, OXFORD STREET. IT WAS IN THIS PLAY ON THE NIGHT OF APRIL 28, 1856, THAT A NINE-YEAR-OLD CHILD CALLED ELLEN TERRY MADE HER FIRST APPEARANCE ON THE STAGE.

Stars, Time, and Phœbus Apollo. "As Time descended," wrote Kean's biographer, John William Cole,

Phœbus rose with surpassing brilliancy in the chariot of the Sun, encircled by a blaze of light which filled every portion of the theatre. The group appeared to be derived from that in the centre of Flaxman's Shield of Achilles. The horses were modelled with a life and fire that would have done honour to Baron Marochetti himself. The statue-like grace and immobility of Apollo, as he stood in the car, reining in his impetuous steeds, impressed



THE CLASSICAL ALLEGORY INTRODUCED INTO MR. KEAN'S PRODUCTION OF "THE WINTER'S TALE" A HUNDRED YEARS AGO: "LUNA DESCENDING"—THE OPENING TABLEAU.

This week Mr. Trewin not only discusses some current plays but recalls a centenary. On the night of April 28, 1856, a young, fair-haired girl made her first stage appearance. This nine-year-old child, Ellen Terry, played the part of the prince, Mamillius, in Kean's revival of "The Winter's Tale." Mr. Kean's production was fully described in *The Illustrated London News* of May 3, May 10 and May 17, 1856. On each occasion great tribute was paid to Mr. Kean, but nothing was said about the child who played the Prince. The only reference to Mamillius was in relation to Mr. Charles Kean's "representation of Leontes. . . .

We know of nothing finer on the modern stage than Mr. Kean's interpretation of the banquet-scene in the first act. His fondness for his boy Mamillius, expressed in tones of the most exquisite pathos, went to the heart of the audience."

Illustrations and quotations reproduced from "The Illustrated London News" of May 3, May 10 and May 17, 1856.

When the run was over, she had an even longer one, 250 performances indeed, as Puck in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," at thirty shillings a week. But Mamillius is the part we think of: the child who never finished the story of the man by the churchyard; the little prince who died grieving. "Go, play," said Charles Kean to Ellen Terry; and, during the long years ahead, no actress on the English stage would play to better effect. I may not have written of "Commemoration Ball"; but this, you will agree, is truly Commemoration Week.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"DON JUAN" (Palace).—Molière's play, rarely done here, was created by Jean Vilar—for the Théâtre National Populaire—on a stage with the barest minimum of properties. Thanks largely to the Sganarelle (Daniel Sorano), and to the imaginative simplicity of Vilar's direction—the shafts of light, for example, that built the Commander's tomb—the play came through until the last moments which needed more care and force. (April 18.)

"THE MARRIAGE OF FIGARO" (Sadler's Wells).—A fine production by Douglas Seale, who is new to opera. (April 18.)

"MARIE TUDOR" (Palace).—Here, in Victor Hugo's pseudo-historical melodrama, Maria Casarès lashed out at the part of Queen Mary in a manner we seldom meet. It was a performance of dramatic splendour that transformed the text. (April 20.)

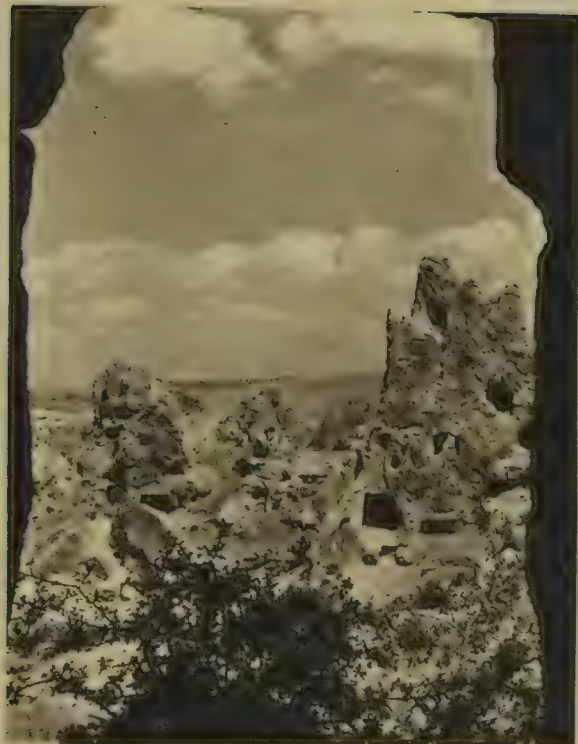
"THREE THOUSAND ROUBLES" (Richmond).—Some potentially good performances, that of Lawrence Davidson, for example, in a moderate production (by the dramatist) of Richard Duschinsky's version of "Crime and Punishment." (April 23.)

"COMMEMORATION BALL" (Piccadilly).—A singularly tedious farcical comedy about Oxford, acted with despairing energy by a cast led by Isabel Jeans, Michael Shepley and Norman Wooland. (April 24.)

THE LUNAR LANDSCAPE OF GOREME, CENTRAL TURKEY: STRANGE ROCK-CUT CHAPELS IN NATURAL SPIRES.

(LEFT.)
IN THE FANTASTIC
LANDSCAPE OF
GOREME, NEAR
URGUP, CENTRAL
TURKEY: LOOK-
ING FROM ONE
ROCK CELL TO A
GROUP OF ROCK
TOWERS RIDDLED
WITH CAVES AND
ROCK-CUT
SHRINES.

(RIGHT.)
IN THIS GROUP OF
ROCK SPIRES CAN
BE SEEN (LEFT)
THE ENTRANCE
TO ONE ROCK-CUT
CHAPEL AND
(RIGHT) AN ARCADED CHAPEL REVEALED
BY THE FALLING AWAY OF ONE SIDE.



THE VALLEY OF GOREME. IN THE CENTRE
THE REST HUT AND A CAR IN FRONT
OF IT GIVE THE SCALE FOR THE SPIRES
OF ERODED ROCK AND THE CAVES.



INSIDE ONE OF THE ROCK-CUT CHAPELS OF GOREME,
SHOWING MEDIAEVAL FRESCOES, INCLUDING A LARGE
JESUS PANTOCRATOR IN THE DOME, AND SAINTS.



A "THREE-STOREY BUILDING" IN ONE OF THE SPIRES
OF GOREME, WITH (RIGHT) A HOLLOW SPIRE, CONVERTED
IN RECENT YEARS INTO A DOVE-COTE.



LIKE A GLACIER OF ROCK, ON A GIGANTIC SCALE: THE VALLEY OF GOREME, WITH CROWDED ROCK
SPIRES, THE HOME OF TROGLODYTES FROM PREHISTORIC TIMES TO TO-DAY.

In our issue of December 31, 1955, we reproduced three photographs of the fantastic valley of Goreme, near Urgup, in Central Turkey, where centuries of erosion has produced a lunar landscape of rock spires, which since prehistoric times man has hollowed to make refuges, shrines and chapels, and homesteads. The photographs we now reproduce were taken by a correspondent who, with his wife, visited Goreme in July 1955 and spent a night by the little travellers' rest hut. "We therefore had the pleasure," he writes, "of seeing the wonderful volcanic cones by the golden light of sunset, then blotted out by a dust storm and again, with the shadows in the opposite direction, at sunrise. Many of the rocks were inhabited in the past by monks, especially in the fourteenth century, and the chapels, churches, cells, refectories and other rooms can still be seen, carved with

Byzantine motifs out of the soft stone, with naves, aisles, domes, arches and apses, or long tables, oil presses, cupboards and niches. Many of them are beautifully decorated with frescoes, a little primitive, but rich with deep reds and blues, and well preserved from the weather. To-day, the best chapels are guarded under lock and key kept by a resident guide. A few troglodytes still live in the cones, and we even saw one rock which had a flight of steps leading up to a green-painted door with a number on it! They are productive farmers, for they have blocked up the doors of many of the cells and converted them to dove-cotes. The pigeons are carefully nurtured, their guano collected and spread on every available flat place where the thin soil lies, and the result is a flourishing market garden in each of the valleys, most surprising in this otherwise barren landscape."

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

TO-DAY the novel has certainly a unique status. It may be "finished," as some people maintain; but on the other hand, it seems to have become indispensable. Even "The Gallows and the Cross," by Bela Just (Gollancz; 10s. 6d.), is so described on the jacket—though one can hardly credit it as one shuts the book. And yet I have never felt more strongly that the novel-formula may be justified by something other than the appeal of "story-telling," and the simple wish to be read. This narrative could probably have been offered us as a kind of journal. It would have been read just the same—yet the effect might well have shrunk. It might have lost its absolute quality.

What it records is the three-year service of a Hungarian priest as chaplain to prisoners under the death sentence. The period is specific; it is the middle of the 1940's, and embraces a spell of martial law, the "liberation," and the "change of regime." And one can't say it makes no difference. Normally, for example, there is a span of many months from verdict to execution; by martial law, there are a couple of hours. During the air-raids, the condemned are left on their "Third Floor," and often the priest shares their nights. At first he has a sprinkling of Communists in his "flock"; later he gets a prime minister, and a believing Catholic who massacred fifty Jews and is not sorry. So the lurid historical setting has its rôle; yet it is only background. Politics don't really come in. Nor do the divergences from our own procedure—startling as they may look. Nor, even, does the doctrinal aspect. The narrator is a man of faith; but there is no sign that he converts, or in a doctrinal sense reclaims, one of his "protégés," or even worries about it. True, he had imagined himself reclaiming them; but the imagined tug-of-war, the colloquies on life, death and the "antinomy of justice" never take place. The doomed are as unspiritual as they always were; and for the chaplain, it is enough that "Jesus and His disciples are on their side, not on the side of officialdom, nor even on that of the so-called social order." Indeed, it is they who convert him: who reveal "the mystery of humanity," and the truth that brotherhood "is something more and deeper than a fine thought." His whole striving is to share with them—only he is not sharing; he is an agent of the authorities, "giving them a hand in the name of God." Till the paradox can no longer be borne; and he contrives a young murderer's escape, and ends up in a prison cell.

In short, this record has no dealings with the Beyond; it is an assault on the death penalty. But full of gruesome, precise incidents, and the most varied figures. Gogolak, the undaunted brute; the serene ex-premier; the two heroic victims of martial law; the train-wrecker who speaks of himself in the third person, and has a calm and conscientious desire to liquidate the human race. . . . And then the hangman—a macabre and vulgar outcast. And much besides; this is a short book, with immense impact.

OTHER FICTION.

"Red Over Green," by Robert Henriques (Collins; 13s. 6d.), occupies far more space, and can be classed as a novel with less point-stretching. For it has made large-scale, and, of course, distinguished efforts to be a novel. In June 1938, its hero Barry is a fat, flabby and successful lawyer of thirty-five, looking at least forty, and consumed with self-pity and self-disgust. Emotionally, he is a Beast between two Beauties. There is his sick wife—drugged, luminous, with golden hair floating like waterweed on the pillow; and there is a small girl named Kate, who refers to herself as "one," and asks "How's Mr. Barry?" every three minutes. I always thought the waif-heroine was for women only; but now this very masculine writer has produced the waif (if one could only believe it) to end waifs: the most tricky, piteous and irritating of the whole tribe. Barry is besotted with her—on the strict understanding that it is "purely chemical," and that he loves no one but Rosamond. Till finally small Kate has had enough; and Barry joins the East Essex Hussars, because he "can't stomach himself."

This is the real theme: what might be called redemption through soldiering, or the Military Revelation. At first, and to some extent all through, it has a presiding guru in George Hatherley-Cooke, with his gospel of "schoolboy games and silly tricks," his rip-roaring vitality and leadership in and out of uniform. Even before the war, Barry has thinned down and enjoyed a first baptism of peace. The next stage is Commando-practice, culminating in the mock-raid on an airfield. And then the pinnacle: the true and final summit of a "suicide" raid. This episode is told at full length. Indeed, the whole picture is ample as well as expert; and it has an unruffled, golden generosity. The matter can hardly fail to suggest Evelyn Waugh: which puts the inner contrast in a strong light.

"Marjorie of Scotland," by Pamela Hill (Chatto and Windus; 13s. 6d.), is at last an out-and-out novel, though historical. This writer seems to have an eclectic taste in heroines. James IV's "tigress"-love: Louis XIV's prim, equivocal second wife: and now the mother of the Stuarts, the sad young daughter of Robert Bruce. This time, since very little is known about her, taste had a free hand. And it has created a much more appealing figure than Mme. de Maintenon: a staunch, quiet, stubborn little tomboy. In the years of proscription and defeat, this child was hunted from place to place. She was exchanged after Bannockburn, and died by accident within a year of her marriage to Walter Stewart. Miss Hill presents this as a touching little romance; and though her story is not forceful, it grows on one.

"Death in Retirement," by Josephine Bell (Methuen; 12s. 6d.), has the stature of a crime novel. After forty years at an Indian medical mission, Dr. Olive Clayton has retired to Brambles Cottage, in Elmfield. So far she has had the company of an orphan niece. But now Gillian has become engaged; and so the Weavers move in—on such strange terms that they have repelled every other applicant. The Weavers don't seem too bad. . . . Yet there are direr and direr hints of something wrong, till that climatic night when Gillian and Max are away at a dance. . . . and after that. Well-staged, well-written, sinister.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

FEW beginners are happy until they have assimilated some such "relative values of the pieces" as this: Queen=nine pawns.
Rook=five pawns.
Bishop=Knight=three pawns.

There is always a stern warning that positional factors may completely nullify any purely arithmetical calculation based on it. (To take an extreme example, it is useless being three pieces up if you are checkmated.)

The sensational game below, from the World Championship Candidates' Tournament in Amsterdam, gives us to wonder how wide an interpretation the phrase "positional factors" can bear:

QUEEN'S PAWN OPENING, KING'S INDIAN DEFENCE.
SPASSKY BRONSTEIN SPASSKY BRONSTEIN
White Black White Black
1. P-Q4 Kt-KB3 5. P-B3 P-K4
2. P-QB4 P-KKt3 6. P-Q5 Kt-R4
3. Kt-QB3 B-Kt2 7. B-K3 Kt-R3
4. P-K4 P-Q3 8. Q-Q2 Q-R5ch
Something quite new. If now 9. B-B2, after 9. . . . Q-K2, Black would have, in effect, played . . . Q(Q1)-K2 whilst deteriorating the placing of White's KB.

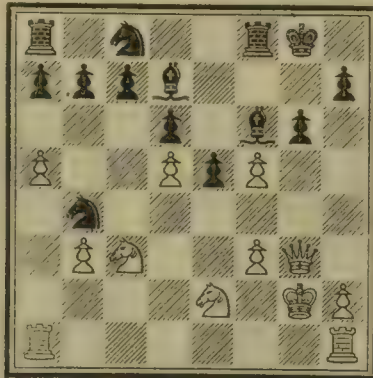
9. P-Kt3 Kt×P! 10. Q-B2 Kt×B!
Though Bronstein is noted for the creation of new sacrificial lines of play in the openings, it is doubtful whether, as long as he lives, he will ever again produce anything quite so amazingly original.

11. Q×Q Kt×B 12. K-B2
With both 12. . . . Kt-Ktch and 12. . . . Kt-B7ch threatened, White has no opportunity to save his QBP. Consequently, Black obtains two bishops and two pawns for the queen. . . .

12. Kt×BP 13. P-Kt3 Kt-Kt3
... and is thus, on our mathematical reckoning, a pawn down. What do the pedants hold necessary as positional compensation for a pawn? Three developing moves, or something of the sort. What positional advantage has Black here? "None whatever!" most masters would exclaim. He has three pieces "developed" to White's two, but his knights are badly placed. Bronstein possibly sets great store by his possessing two bishops when White has none.

14. K-K2 P-KB4 18. Q-Kt3 Kt-Kt5
15. KR-KKt Castles 19. P-R5 Kt-B1
16. K-Kt2 B-Q2 20. P×P?
17. P-R4 B-KB3

Confronted by totally unanticipated situations, Spassky has possibly made one or two somewhat inferior moves. The analysts will certainly sweat at these positions for months!



Bronstein played 20. . . . B×P, went steadily downhill and eventually lost. By 20. . . . Kt-K2—against all logic—he could have won! The obvious reply is 21. P×P, Kt-B4; 22. P×P double check, K-R1. If this is not good enough for White, what can be? Yet now 23. Q-B2, Kt-Q6 loses White's queen at once, and 23. Q-K1 only postpones disaster: 23. . . . Kt-Q6; 24. Q-Q2, Kt-R5ch and now whatever White plays, he either loses his queen or is mated.

Black's pieces seem to materialise, like a swarm of wasps, from nowhere!

FROM ALPHONSE BERTILLON TO THE REIGN OF LOUIS XIV.

ANY history of crime and great criminologists must, unless it is unusually badly written, be a winner. Mr. Henry T. F. Rhodes is far too experienced a writer to do anything other than back a winning horse. In "Alphonse Bertillon" (Harrap; 15s.) he tells the story of the great Alphonse Bertillon, whom he rightly calls the "father of scientific detection." It is a curious story. Sir Winston Churchill, the complete failure at his books at Harrow, can be matched by Bertillon, the ne'er-do-weel, failing at everything to which he set his hand, and the despair of his father and his family. It is amusing to think that while in England the popular remedy for the ne'er-do-weel was to send him to the Colonies, in the France of the newly-born Third Republic, the last resort of a despairing family was to send the scapegrace to England to become a French master in an English school.

Bertillon spent some time in England in the middle 'seventies (from which, curiously, dated his profound admiration for this country) and taught at two schools, one at Smethwick and the other at Bishop's Stortford. In an appendix, Mr. Rhodes prints the amusing references he obtained from the headmasters. The headmaster of Bishop's Stortford remarked with a scarcely audible sniff: "He is gentlemanly in appearance and manner, and I believe his morals are good." Chance, his military career, and a sympathetic colonel gave him the opportunity of spending his period of service largely studying anatomy and physiology. Then at the age of twenty-six, Alphonse Bertillon became a clerk in one of the departments of the Prefecture of Police. It was the dullest possible work which the young man had to do—the copying out of dossiers, largely the compilations of informers, police spies and corrupt detectives. The young man, with a mathematical mind and the study of anatomy behind him, suddenly hit on a revolutionary idea. It was that no two human adult faces and bodies are exactly the same, and that by taking a series of eleven measurements and using an ingenious filing system, the identification of criminals should be made at once easy and sure. Like all pioneers, he was laughed at when he took his plan to his chief. Throughout his life, as was to be found over the Dreyfus case, Bertillon's weakness was in exposition. He succeeded in infuriating the good M. Andrieux. Curiously enough, it was his father, the recipient of an angry letter from the Prefect, who was the first to discover that the goose was a swan. It was he who persuaded him to wait until M. Andrieux retired and try again. He did. And Bertillonage, and what was christened the "portrait parlé," became and remained for many years the revolutionary basis of French, and, indeed, in many ways, world, detection. From then on Bertillon, aided by the young girl whom he met by accident and who acted as his secretary (later becoming his devoted wife), became an even more famous figure. In only one respect was his reputation clouded. This was when he lent the full weight of his authority to the genuineness of the famous (or infamous) *bordereau* in the Dreyfus case. Although Bertillon was an ardently patriotic Frenchman, and therefore a fervent Nationalist, there is no doubt that he genuinely believed that he was right and that the other experts were wrong. Indeed, when he was dying fifteen years after the Dreyfus *affaire*, an emissary of the Minister was sent to see him with regard to his promotion in the ranks of the *Légion d'Honneur*. It was delicately conveyed to Bertillon that if he would admit that he had changed his views on the subject of the *bordereau*, this promotion would be immediately forthcoming. "The dying man, lying on his chaise-longue, had listened in silence to the oration. He suddenly sat up. There was a glint in his eyes, charged with all the old ferocity. 'No!' he said violently. 'No!'" An excellently compiled life of a fascinating man.

An extraordinary book about an out-of-the-way subject is "Firearms Curiosa," by Lewis Winant (Arco; 50s.). Mr. Winant is an American collector of strange offensive weapons—and what a collection he has made. Perhaps the most fascinating are the "combination weapons." As Mr. Winant says, firearms combined with edge weapons, such as knives, "seem reasonable. Pistols combined with table forks seem ill-devised, but they exist. In fact, there is one instance—I believe one only—where a small flintlock pistol was built into a spoon as well as into the companion pieces, the knife and the fork. Guns have been built into purses, canes, police truncheons, flash-lights, cameras, and even sundials, with some reason. They have also been built into wrenches, pipes, helmets, stirrups and fish-hooks." Naturally, there is a magnificent collection of pistols and revolvers of all sorts, including miniature pistols, lethal in the right circumstances, but smaller in some cases than the ignition key of my car. I recommend this book to Miss Agatha Christie, or any of the other admirable ladies who delight us with detective fiction. There are enough potential plots in it to last a writer of thrillers for a lifetime.

From historical weapons to the by-ways of French history, takes us to two books on the reign of Louis XIV. The first is "Louis XIV and Marie Mancini," by Monica Sutherland (Cape; 16s.). Marie Mancini was one of the nieces of the great Cardinal Mazarin, who was no unworthy successor to the greater Cardinal Richelieu. Through his beautiful nieces, the Cardinal sought to rivet his hold more firmly on the Court and the young King. Alas! the young couple made the mistake, rare in polished French society, of falling passionately and sincerely in love with each other. Miss Sutherland tells the story of the love and the heart-break which was entailed when reasons of State led to the breaking off of the *affaire*, in an easy style which conceals a genuine feeling for France and French affairs of that period.

The other, more serious, book is "The Archbishop and the Lady," by Count Michael de la Bedoyere (Collins; 16s.). It is a flippant title for a most interesting and admirably written piece of French ecclesiastical history. In brief, it is the story of the long-fought-out battle (with its very considerable theological issues) involving Mme. Guyon, the curious young widow who thought that she was in direct touch with the Almighty. A book of quite remarkable interest.

E. D. O'BRIEN.



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living quite a bit above the average; yet in one respect I am

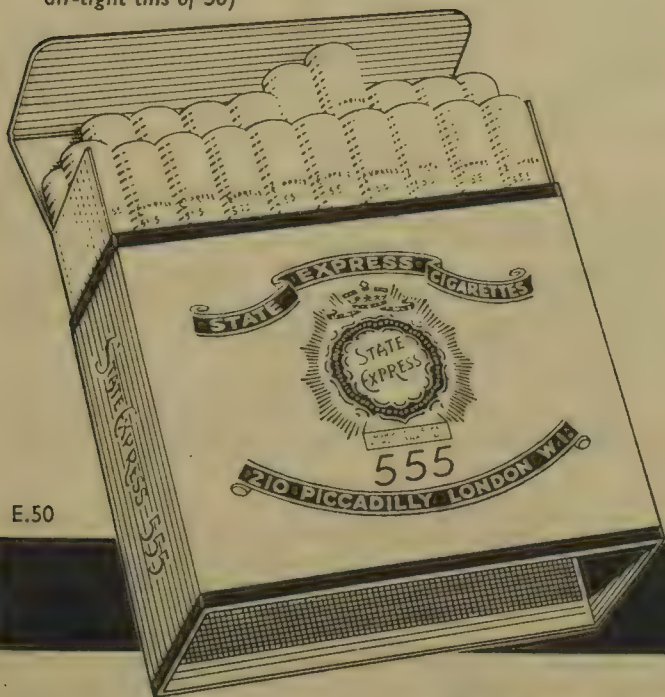
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THE WORLD OF MOTORING.

CAR OF THE MONTH: THE ROLLS-ROYCE SILVER CLOUD.

By LIEUT.-COLONEL A. G. DOUGLAS CLEAVE, B.Sc., A.M.I.MECH.E.

IT appears appropriate that this resumption of a regular motoring feature should commence with road impressions of what is universally acknowledged to be the world's best car, the Rolls-Royce.

Introduced in April 1955, the *Silver Cloud* not only has a larger engine than its predecessors but a redesigned cylinder-head which gives better breathing, so that greater power is developed. It also has as standard the automatic transmission, improvements in suspension and many detail refinements. The four-door body is of pressed steel, well-proportioned and really commodious; the rear seat is wide enough for three in comfort, and the luggage locker usefully large.

For the technically interested: the cylinder bore has been increased from 92 to 95 mm., but the stroke remains at 114 mm., giving a capacity of 4887 c.c. The overhead inlet and side exhaust valve arrangement is retained and the compression ratio of 6.6 to 1 is modest. Long and short semi-trailing wishbone links are now used for the independent front suspension, with coil springs, hydraulic dampers and torsion rod stabiliser. The half-elliptic rear springs are now placed on the inside of the frame members, and are relieved of torque and brake reaction stresses by a Z-shaped axle control rod pivoted to the offside frame member and to the axle casing. Some idea of the size of the car is given by the wheelbase of 10 ft. 3 ins., track 4 ft. 10 ins. (front) and 5 ft. (rear), overall length 17 ft. 8 ins., width 6 ft. 2½ ins. and height 5 ft. 4½ ins.

In brief, the *Silver Cloud* is a large, luxurious and handsome vehicle capable of a very high performance. That was abundantly proved during my 350-mile test run, during which the unusually accurate speedometer often registered in the nineties and on two occasions surpassed the century. Further proof of the car's capabilities is its ability to accelerate from rest to 60 m.p.h. in 13.7 secs.

Such figures are not really important, however; it is the quality of the performance that matters. At all times the level of mechanical noise is so low as to be virtually inaudible. Indeed, the slight hum of the electric motors and fans of the ventilation system is more obvious than engine or transmission noise. Wind noise also, so often a bugbear, is the merest whisper at speeds up to 60 m.p.h. and only increases slightly at higher speeds provided that all windows are closed, as they are meant to be in view of the elaborate ventilation and heat-control system.

De-mister and heater-ventilator are separate units, each with its own control knob. Each unit can supply either air at ambient temperature or warm air, and in volume according to ram pressure due to car speed or according to half or full speed of the fans. The de-mister air enters behind the whole width of the curved screen, and the heater-ventilator air issues under the scuttle and behind the driver's seat for the rear passengers. Each control knob pulls out to a first position to admit cold air or to a second position to give warm air, both at ram pressure. In each position it also twists, partly to half fan speed or fully to full fan speed. Between them the two controls give a wide variation in the temperature and volume of air admitted.

During my test the ambient temperature was below freezing, but with the de-mister admitting cold air at ram pressure and the heater-ventilator supplying warm air at half fan speed, the atmosphere in the car was comfortably warm, yet fresh and cool round one's face.

The weather conditions also emphasized the extreme ease of control of the car, for I left London in a blizzard which had turned into black ice on the roads. Other vehicles were sliding wickedly. At the top of hills vehicles were waiting to descend, one at a time, with their nearside wheels rubbing against the kerb to provide some measure of braking.

I will not say that the *Silver Cloud* caused me no anxiety, because the custody of £5000-worth of motor-car in such conditions is obviously a responsibility. It did, however, behave in an exemplary manner, thanks to the precision and ease of its controls, to the smoothness of its automatic transmission and to the characteristics designed into its suspension and braking systems.

Much of the ease of control is due to the automatic transmission, which combines a fluid coupling with epicyclic gearing. There are only two pedals, brake

and accelerator. With the manual control lever in the normal driving position, the car glides smoothly from rest and the gears change imperceptibly from first, through second and third, to top. As the car is brought to rest they change down as quietly. At traffic lights one merely holds the car on the footbrake.

Some diehards maintain that automatic transmissions take the pleasure out of driving. This is not so with the *Silver Cloud*, because the manual control can be used at will between top and third gears, either up or down. In third-gear position it cuts out top gear and in another position it gives second gear only. A "kick-down" change is available from any gear to the next lower by a quick depression of the accelerator.

Gear changes occur according to throttle opening and car speed. Under light throttle the change from first to second is at 6 m.p.h., from second to third at 11 m.p.h., and into top at 20 m.p.h. Under full throttle the changes take place at respectively 18, 31 and 65 m.p.h. Downward changes under light throttle occur at 14 m.p.h. from top to third, 8 m.p.h. from third to second, and 4 m.p.h. from second to first. All these figures are approximate.

Of the steering and brakes it is sufficient to say that they match the speed of the car. The steering is somewhat low-geared, needing approximately 4½ turns of the wheel to pass from lock to lock. It is light in action, except possibly when manoeuvring in a confined space, and at speed it does not give the driver the

impression of being busy at the wheel. At speed in a strong cross-wind some reaction on the steering was noticeable.

The servo brake mechanism has been speeded up to render the brakes quicker in action at very low speeds, and it allows the driver to obtain maximum retardation with a very light pedal pressure.

A suspension refinement is the electrical control of the rear dampers to give a "normal" or "hard" ride to suit road and speed conditions. Response to the switch on the steering column is instantaneous.

Of the comfort afforded by the suspension and the deep upholstery of the seats, little need be said: it is axiomatic so far as the Rolls-Royce is concerned.

MOTORING NOTES.

Revival of Parliamentary interest in the compulsory inspection of vehicles for road fitness is giving rise to much concern. While much may be said for it as an ideal,

there are many objections to it from the practical point of view.

A recent demonstration, by the Laystall Engineering and Alexander Engineering Companies, of Alexander-Laystall modifications to standard production cars showed the improvements in performance and fuel economy which can be obtained. The modifications include increasing the compression ratio, fitting two carburettors, special induction and exhaust systems, and alterations in final drive ratio. Cars for which modifications have been introduced include the B.M.C. range, most of the Ford range and the Standard "Eight" and "Ten."

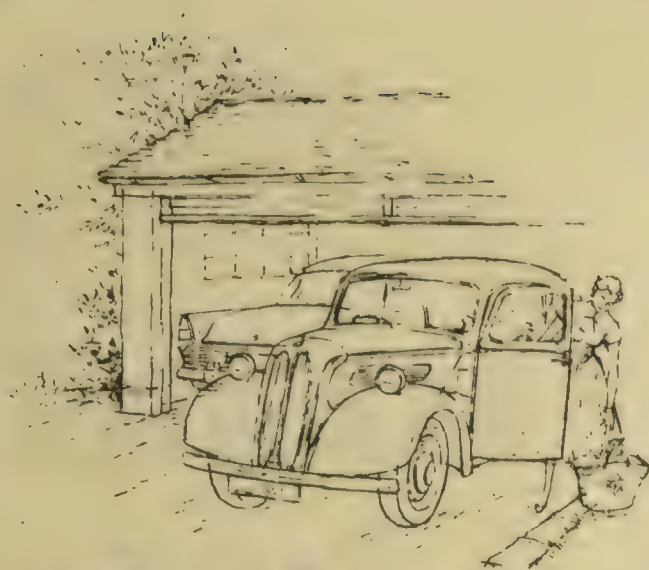
There have been many rumours concerning the Le Mans 24-hours race, but it has now been confirmed that the event will definitely be run and that the date will be July 28-29.

To-morrow, May 6, the twelfth international Prescott hill-climb will start at 11 a.m. The hill is open for practice to-day from 11 a.m. until 6 p.m. The view from the spectators' enclosures has recently been much improved.

Both the B.M.C. and the Rootes Group have announced that they are to manufacture cars in Japan, using Japanese labour and materials. This development is due to the very severe restrictions on imports, a total of only 500 cars per month being allowed to enter the country.



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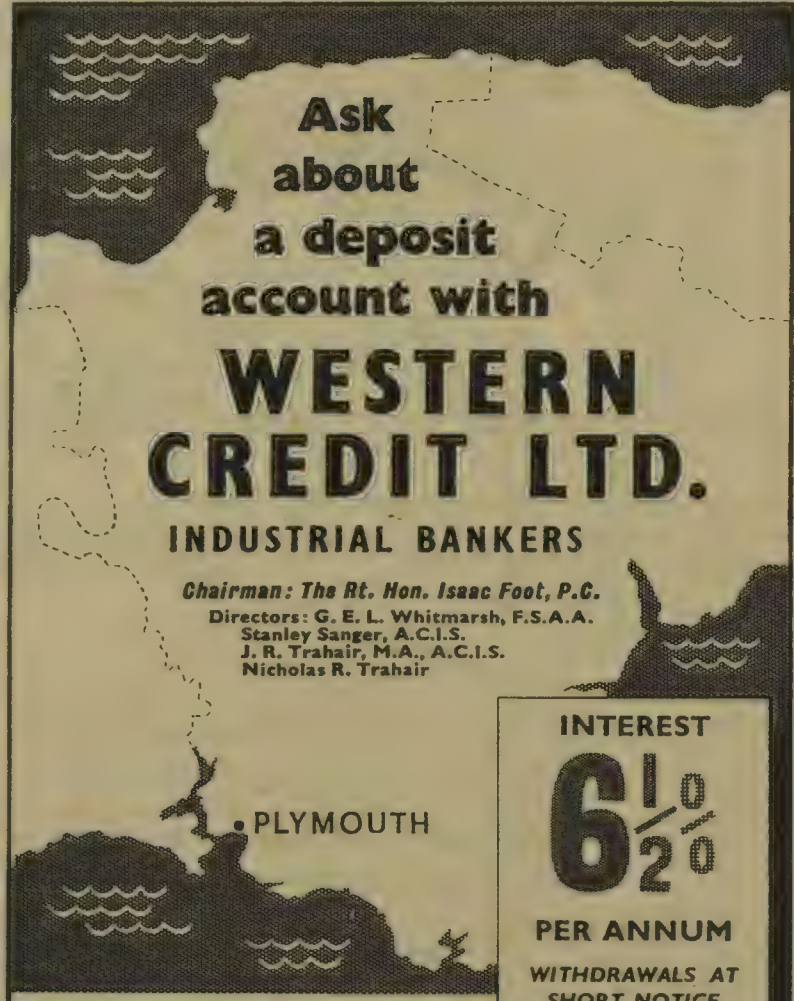
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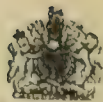
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MAY

Snakes and Dragons

IT IS PROBABLE that, before the month of May is out, somebody will have invoked the aid of the police to deal with a snake; for both grass-snakes, which are harmless, and adders, which are not, have shaken off the last lethargies of winter and will sometimes find their way on to the property of people who do not know the difference between them. Although it is doubtless prudent in such cases to summon the forces of law and order, the precaution does not become as well as it might a nation whose patron saint slew a large dragon single-handed. Our native snakes are small and timid. In far-off countries, where there are cobras or anacondas but hardly any constables and no telephones with which to call for their assistance, the simple inhabitants deal with snakes themselves. It hardly seems right that the British should be less self-reliant. There is, moreover, always the risk that the serpent will have made itself scarce before the police arrive. "That's where it was, constable", protests Mon Repos, pointing to a sheltered corner of his rockery. "What does he expect me to do now?" thinks the policeman. "Squat on the lawn and play a tune on my whistle?" Aloud he says: "Well I shouldn't let it worry you any more, sir." Next time, with any luck, Mon Repos will try and deviate less sharply from the traditions of St. George.



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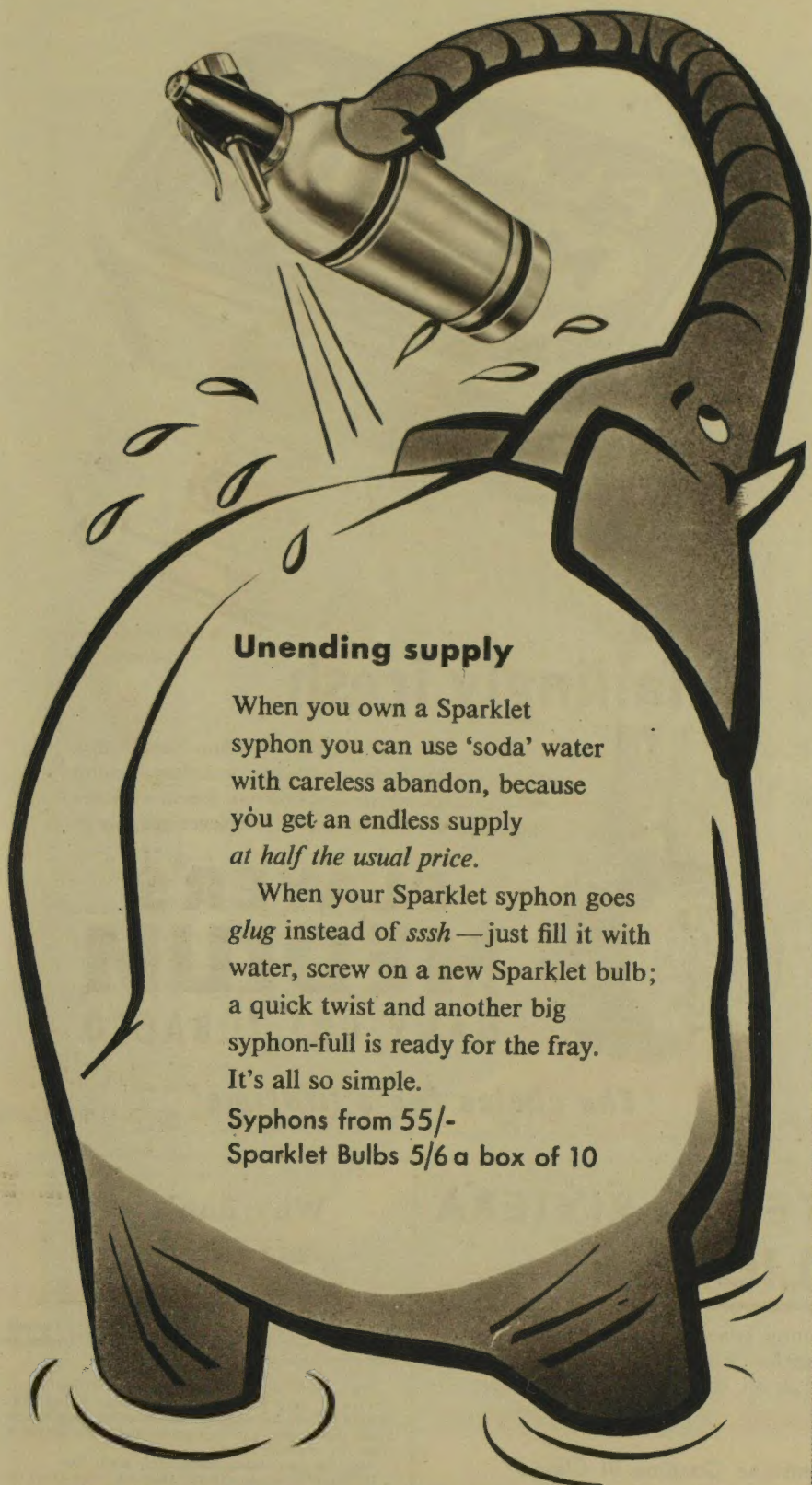
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60	Alpina	15	20
55	Horn	15	20
45	Sonne	15	20
18	Blume	15	20
40	Helvetia	14	18
40	Merkur	14	18
40	De la Paix	14	18
35	Beausite	14	18
35	Löwen	14	18
32	Beauséjour	14	18
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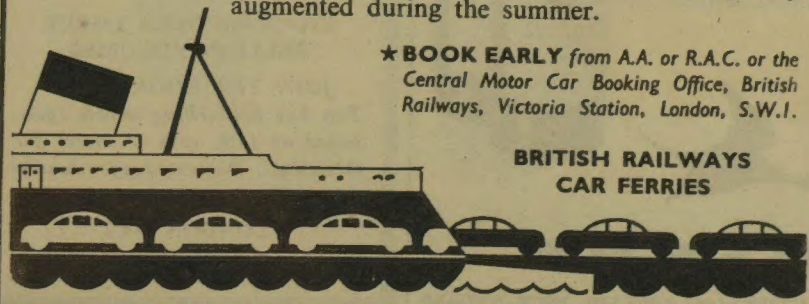
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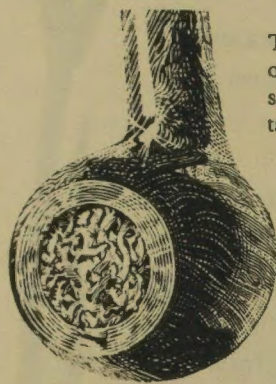
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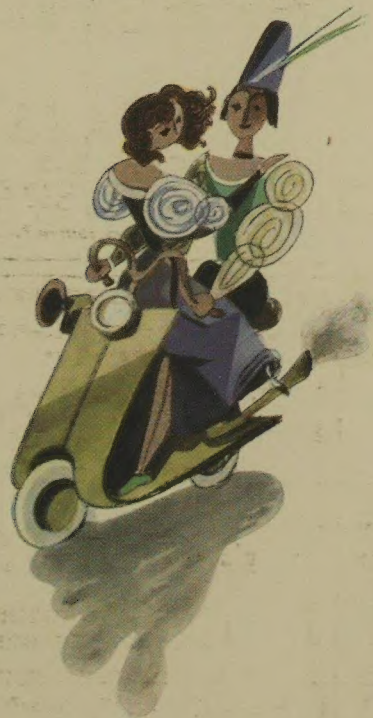
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EUROPE IN PERSchweppTIVE



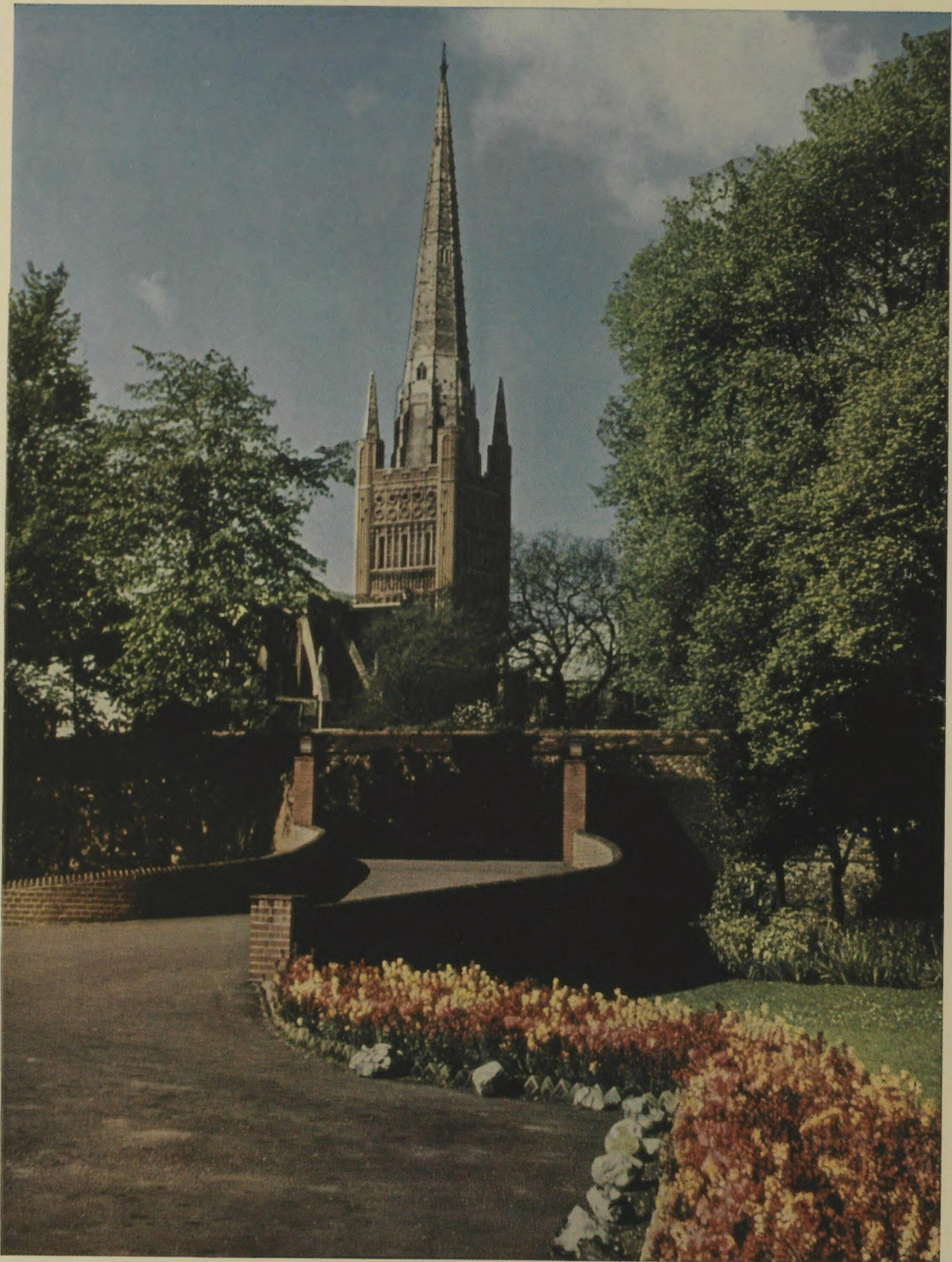
Let us take you to ITALY where it is difficult to disentangle the total mixture from the general impression, where millennium is dovetailed with millennium, B.C. is mixed with A.D., and A.D. tangled up in M.M. (Mille Miglia). And this is a picture of the Doge's Palace.

Here mid her fertile galleries, the priceless treasures of the plains lined with cypresses, and the Via Latina lined with advertisements, is a twin-engined Uccello. The Guardi has a souped-up double rustication which comes into action at revs. 140. In the able hands of Palladio the Buonarotti (Sistine cylinders) cornered

beautifully. Masaccio then took the lead near the historic spot, marked by the lovely Campanile of Carburetti, where Caesar (Consul) issued his Fiat, but he was quickly overhauled by Bottischwelli in his Isotta-Franschweppski. And here is a picture of the Doge's Palace.

Such pictures by no means cover every aspect of this land of music and melody, where, though the sounding of horns is banned in the principal cities, it is often more practical, and certainly far more noisy, to draw attention to one's presence by a sudden acceleration in neutral. And this is a picture of the Doge's Palace.

Written by Stephen Potter: designed by George Him

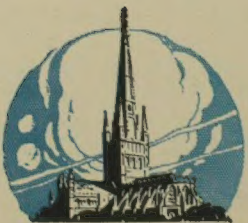


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Printed in England by The Illustrated London News and Sketch, Ltd., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly at the Office, Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2. Saturday, May 5, 1956.
Registered as a Newspaper for transmission in the United Kingdom and to Canada by Magazine Post. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903. Agents for Australasia: Gordon and Gotch, Ltd. Branches: Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland and Dunedin, N.Z.; Launceston and Hobart, Tasmania.